

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume I. }

No. 1497.—February 15, 1873.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. XLVI.

CONTENTS.

1. MR. FROUDE'S ENGLISH IN IRELAND. By W. E. H. Lecky,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> ,	387
2. HIS LITTLE SERENE HIGHNESS. Part VII. Translated from the <i>Platt-Deutsch</i> of	<i>Fritz Reuter</i> ,	403
3. THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER AND THE POLICY OF RUSSIA,	<i>British Quarterly Review</i> ,	411
4. THE TWO BROTHERS. By MM. Erockmann-Chatrinal. Part III.,	<i>St. James Magazine</i> ,	425
5. BRANTOME,	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> ,	433
6. THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON,	<i>Economist</i> ,	441
7. OVERWORK,	<i>Saturday Review</i> ,	442
8. DR. CARPENTER ON MENTAL ACQUISITION AND INHERITANCE,	<i>Spectator</i> ,	445

POETRY.

BRAMBLEBERRIES,	386	LOVE LIES BLEEDING. By Christina G. Rossetti,	386
VENUS'S LOOKING-GLASS. By Christina G. Rossetti,	386		

SHORT ARTICLES.

THE VOLCANO OF MOKUAWEOEO,	410	CURRENTS OF ELECTRICITY IN PLANTS,	448
ALSACE AND LORRAINE,	410	POISON IN THE VANILLA BEAN,	448
BISLA'S COMET,	448		

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage. But we do not prepay postage on less than a year, nor when we have to pay commission for forwarding the money; nor when we club THE LIVING AGE with another periodical.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers. Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

BRAMBLEBERRIES.

GREAT Morning strikes the earth once more,
 And kindles up the wave,
 As many and many a time before,—
 And am I still a slave?
 Come! let me date my years anew;
 This day is virgin white;
 By heav'n, I will not reindue
 The rags of overnight!
 I was a king by birth, and who
 Is rebel to my right?
 None but myself, myself alone:
 Conquer myself, I take my throne!

To plan a wise life little pains doth ask:
 To live one wise day, troublesome the task.
 — Yet why so hard? What is it thwarts me
 still?
 A tainted memory, a divided will,
 A weak and wavering faith, which for mere
 shows
 And shams of things, forsakes the truth it
 knows.

Think you that words can save? that even
 thought,
 Knowledge, or theoretic faith, does aught?
 Truth into character by act is wrought.
 Your life, the life that you have lived, not
 sham'd,
 Is you; in that alone you're saved or damn'd.

Glory of life — deep tenderness, —
 Enigma of the human soul!
 Set in this wondrous world whose dress
 Is beauty, whilst the heav'n doth roll
 Its myriad suns around; where love
 Sports in the constant shade of death,
 Fond memory sighs, hope looks above,
 And sorrow clings to faith; —
 Life, all made up of hints and moods and fine
 transitions,
 Great secrets murmur'd low, pure joys in fleet-
 ing visions!

Almighty Lord, if day by day
 From Thee I further move away,
 O let me die to-night, I pray!

Yet no: this pray'r is idle breath.
 I understand not life or death,
 Nor how man's course continueth.

Swept in a wide and trackless curve,
 Tho' seeming more and more to swerve,
 An orbit it may still preserve.

I will not seek to live or die;
 Do as Thou wilt, I'll ask not why.
 Keep hold of me — content am I.

O Father! grant that day by day
 My soul to Thee may tend alway.
 Recall it quickly when astray.
 I hear Thee: hear me when I pray!

Fraser's Magazine.

VENUS'S LOOKING-GLASS.

I MARKED where lovely Venus and her court
 With song and dance and merry laugh went
 by;
 Weightless, their wingless feet seemed made
 to fly,
 Bound from the ground and in mid air to sport.
 Left far behind I heard the dolphins snort
 Tracking their goddess with a wistful eye,
 Around whose head white doves rose, wheel-
 ing high
 Or low, and cooed after their tender sort.
 All this I saw in Spring. Thro' Summer heat
 I saw the lovely Queen of Love no more.
 But when flushed Autumn thro' the wood-
 lands went
 I spied sweet Venus walk amid the wheat:
 Whom seeing, every harvester gave o'er
 His toil, and laughed and hoped and was
 content.

Argosy.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

LOVE LIES BLEEDING.

Love that is dead and buried, yesterday
 Out of his grave rose up before my face;
 No recognition in his look, no trace
 Of memory in his eyes dust-dimmed and grey.
 While I, remembering, found no word to say,
 But felt my quickened heart leap in its place;
 Caught afterglow, thrown back from long-set
 days,
 Caught echoes of all music passed away.
 Was this indeed to meet? — I mind me yet
 In youth we met when hope and love were quick,
 We parted with hope dead, but love alive:
 I mind me how we parted then heart-sick,
 Remembering, loving, hopeless, weak to
 strive: —
 Was this to meet? Not so, we have not met.
 Argosy. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

In the following verses the identity of thought
 and similarity of expression are not a little re-
 markable: —

"He who for love hath undergone
 The worst that can befall,
 Is happier thousandfold than one
 Who never loved at all.

"A grace within his soul hath reigned
 Which nothing else can bring;
 Thank God for all that I have gained
 By that high sorrowing."
Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton).

"I hold it true whate'er befall;
 I feel it when I sorrow most;
 'Tis better to have loved and lost
 Than never to have loved at all."
Tennyson.

I think it will be readily granted that the
 thought has not gained by condensation.

A. G.

Notes and Queries.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

MR. FROUDE'S ENGLISH IN IRELAND.

AMONG the intellectual phenomena of the present day, one of the most remarkable is certainly the presence among us of a small but able body of literary men, whose repugnance to modern liberal tendencies has led them to opinions on secular policy more fitted for the latitude of Russia than of England, and on religious policy more fitted for the Middle Ages than for the nineteenth century. The two things they hate the most are civil and religious liberty. Freedom of speech, freedom of the press, representative government, the rights of nations to determine the form of government under which they will live, the rights of weak minorities to protection, as long as they do not injure their neighbours, the right of every man to profess the religious belief and adopt the religious worship which he considers the best, are in their phraseology mere cant or shams. The two fundamental principles of all constitutional government — that the will of the majority should rule, and that the scruples of the minority should be respected — are equally antipathetic to them. The whole tendency of modern policy in their eyes is a mistake, and history has to them a certain melancholy charm as a record of religious and political despotisms which have been weakly banished from the world.

Opinions such as these, though now rare, and, we venture to think, morbid eccentricities, were once supreme in Europe, and were usually based upon theological tenets. The belief in an infallible Church, in the criminality of religious error, and in the divine right of kings, has at different periods led good men to justify some of the most atrocious crimes that ever disgraced our world. The modern school, however, has no sympathy with these doctrines, and it is a melancholy, and indeed a humiliating fact, that some of the most ardent eulogies of the policy of destroying certain forms of religion by the sword have come from men whose own opinions on these matters are notoriously heterodox or lax.

It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that there is no distinct principle underlying these views. The leading doc-

trine of this school is the worship of success as the supreme evidence of goodness. Wherever they find might there also they find right. To decide whether a nation is right in invading, dispossessing, or enslaving another, the one real question is whether she is able to do it. If she is, the pretext she chooses is of little consequence. Her ultimate success is her justification. She is obeying "God's law," and the weaker nation, if unable to resist effectually, is immoral in resisting at all. The supreme law of political ethics is thus

"The good old rule, the simple plan,
That he should take who has the power,
And he should keep who can."

As Mr. Froude expresses it in the present work: "The superior part has a natural right to govern, the inferior part has a natural right to be governed; and a rude but adequate test of superiority and inferiority is provided in the relative strength of the different orders of human beings."* "The rights of man — if such rights there be — are not to liberty, but to wise direction and control."† "The right to resist depends upon the power of resistance."‡ "There is no disputing against strength, nor happily is there any need to dispute, for the strength which gives a right to freedom implies the presence of those qualities which ensure that it will be rightly used."§

That the leading writers of this school are not only men of great genius, but also of eminently noble and humane dispositions, may be readily conceded. The character of a writer is one thing. The principles he advocates are quite another, and nothing which is here written about the latter is intended to cast the smallest reflection upon the former. Of the doctrine, however, we can speak with no respect. It appears to us not only profoundly false in itself, but also as well fitted as any in the whole range of opinions to pervert the moral judgments of men. No system can strike more directly at the root of all that is noble and generous in human nature than this deification of success, this worship of force as the incarnation of right, this

* P. 2.

† Ibid.

‡ P. 5.

§ P. 11.

hatred of all that is weak and of all that is unsuccessful. It makes it the function of History to stand by the scaffold and curse the victims as they pass. Its natural fruits have been an enthusiasm for despotism and persecution, a firm belief in the power of ends to justify means, a systematic depreciation or neglect of all the virtues which soften the character and adorn the social or domestic sphere, without fortifying men for the great collisions of life. It has led one great and venerable writer to make Frederick William a hero, and to become the eulogist of the invasion of Silesia, and the partition of Poland, while he speaks with contempt of the philanthropy of Howard, and of all the noble efforts that have been made to break the fetters of the slave. It has made another great writer, the panegyrist of Henry VIII., the apologist for the use of judicial torture, and the author of one of the most uncompromising defences of religious persecution it has ever been our fortune to peruse.

This book belongs to the class of histories which are written, not for the purpose of giving a simple and impartial narrative of events, but clearly and almost avowedly for the purpose of enforcing certain political doctrines. It is written with passion, and apparently under extreme irritation, and is, for the most part, a bitter invective against the Irish people, against the Catholic religion, and, above all, against the maxims of liberal policy. The Irish Celts, in the opinion of Mr. Froude, are a race hopelessly vitiated and debased, absolutely, incurably, and constitutionally unfitted for self-government, and only to be ruled by a strict and steady despotism. They are a people "who do not understand forbearance, who interpret lenity into fear, and respect only an authority which they dare not trifle with."* They are "a people incapable of self-restraint."† "The worst means of governing them is to give them their own way. In concession they see only fear, and those that fear them they hate and despise. Coercion succeeds better. They respect a master hand, though it be a hard and cruel one."‡ The main object in ruling them

should be to annihilate their social and political power, to prevent them as far as possible from amalgamating with, and thus depressing the ruling race, and, above all, to extirpate their religion. Cromwell, and Cromwell alone, we are told, endeavoured to govern the Irish "by true ideas," or, in other words, "by the laws, so far as intellect can discern them, appointed by the Maker of the world."* When the capture of Drogheda and Wexford and the deliberate massacre of their entire garrisons had concluded the rebellion, he availed himself of the opportunity to confiscate all the land in the three chief provinces of Ireland. He colonized those provinces with his soldiers. He left indeed the peasantry to till the soil for the new masters, but he banished all the ruling classes, "the chiefs, the leading members of the Irish race—the middle and upper classes, as we should call them,"† into Connaught. He absolutely suppressed that religious worship which the whole native population believed to be essential to their eternal salvation. He pronounced by one sweeping judgment, and without any detailed investigation, the entire priesthood guilty of high treason; and those who remained to sustain the faith of the wretched peasants, or carry comfort to their desolated homes, were either put on board vessels for Spain, transported as convicts to the Barbadoes, or imprisoned in two small islands in the Atlantic. Having taken these measures with the natives, he endeavoured to encourage the Protestant colony by commercial freedom, by abolishing the separate parliament, and giving the colonists a representation in England.

This scheme of policy in all its parts is the subject of warm, repeated, and unqualified eulogy by an English historian of the nineteenth century. The attempt especially to extirpate by law the religion of an entire nation arouses his most ardent sympathies. He dilates with fervour upon the disloyalty of the Catholics, upon the penalties which in other lands they inflicted upon Protestants, upon the pernicious nature of their opinions. No Moslem conqueror, no Spanish inquisitor, was ever

* P. 65.

‡ P. 128.

† P. 571.

* Pp. 537, 570, 571.

† P. 123.

less troubled with scruples of humanity in persecuting the enemies of his faith. "The lines of the two creeds," we are told, "were identical with the lines of loyalty and disloyalty."* "The best minds of England really believed that besides its treasonable aspects the Roman Catholic religion was intellectually degrading and spiritually poisonous."† "The mass—as a symbol whose supreme pontiff had applauded the insurrection of 1641—it was not legitimate only, but necessary to interdict, till the adherents of it retired from a position which was intolerable in civilized society."‡ Of the efficiency, as well as of the legitimacy of persecution, Mr. Froude has no doubt. "Had the Catholic bishops been compelled in earnest to betake themselves elsewhere, had the importation of priests from abroad been seriously and sternly prohibited, the sacerdotal system must have died a natural death, and the creed have perished along with it."§ "Ireland, had Cromwell left a son like himself, must in another generation have been Protestant."|| "Romanism, sternly repressed, must have died out as Protestantism died in Spain and Italy."¶

We do not intend—to the great majority of our readers we believe it would be wholly superfluous—to make any comment upon the morality or humanity of those sentiments, or to enter into any general defence of the principles of religious toleration. We shall content ourselves with pointing out what appears to us the gross historical exaggeration involved in the belief that the creed of the Irish was at the root of their rebellions. The struggle between the two races had raged for centuries when their religion was the same, and it was the natural and inevitable consequence of their relative position. It was a question of nationality, and of race, and afterwards of the possession of land, much more than of creed. Ireland had only been very partially conquered by Strongbow. The English remained a small military colony, planted in the midst of a large, hostile, and half-savage population. The Irish followed a multitude of great in-

dependent chiefs, each of whom could command the undivided allegiance of a considerable body of followers, each of whom was constantly at war with the English, or with the others. At certain periods, intermarriage with the Irish, and the strange fascination which the freer Irish mode of life appears to have exercised over the colonists, induced the latter in great numbers to adopt the manners of the natives. At others, the line of demarcation was clearly drawn. Intermarriage was forbidden. The Irish were placed beyond the pale of law, and were accustomed themselves to levy black mail upon the English. There was a kind of chronic hostility, accompanied on both sides by great barbarities. On the one side was a compact body of disciplined men of a higher civilization, and often actuated by motives and views of government that were far from ignoble; on the other were a multitude of divided chiefs and undisciplined clans, recoiling from the obligations of feudal law, and struggling to free their country from a foreign invader.

The Reformation came, and it undoubtedly furnished some new pretexts, aggrava- tions, and alliances; but it did not produce, for some years it hardly influenced the quarrel. "On the rupture of England with the Papacy," says Mr. Froude, "the Irish, by immediate instinct, threw themselves on the Roman side."* It would be more correct to say that the Irish simply remained in the position in which they were. The causes which induced the English suddenly to change their creed did not operate in Ireland, and the main demand of the Irish for a long period was merely to be permitted to worship according to the religion in which they were born. Their creed, however, at this time rested very lightly upon them, and no part of their violence can be ascribed to fanaticism. Under Henry the chiefs were induced with little difficulty to accept large portions of the confiscated Church lands.† Under his successor proselytism was more active. Unconsecrated prelates were thrust into Irish sees, but still there was hardly a ripple of religious agitation.

* P. 210.

† P. 213.

‡ P. 127.

§ P. 213.

|| P. 212.

¶ P. 140.

* P. 30.

† P. 40.

Under Mary, when the supreme power passed once more into Catholic hands, and at the very time when a fierce persecution was raging in England, the Protestants in Ireland were absolutely unmolested. A more decisive and, it must be added, a more honourable proof of the absence of religious fanaticism it would be impossible to conceive.

With Elizabeth matters began to change. "At this time," observes Mr. Froude, "in Ireland, 'of the birth of the land' there were no Protestants at all."* Elizabeth determined—and Mr. Froude appears warmly to approve of her resolve—to thrust upon this people the new faith. The mass was accordingly forbidden by law. Fines were imposed on those who abstained from the Anglican service, and the bishops within the pale, who refused to take the oath of supremacy, were deprived of their sees. Yet no serious measures were taken for the conversion of the people. The Bible was not translated into Irish. Proselytism was discouraged. As the Government desired, as far as possible, to suppress the Irish tongue, it was ordered that the Anglican service amid an Irish-speaking population should be read in English, or, if that language was not understood, in Latin: At the same time the extreme difficulty of enforcing a general proscription of the religion of the nation, as well as the natural temperament of the Queen, which inclined to half-measures, placed limits to the persecution. Catholicism was branded by law. The priests were deprived of their churches and revenues, but the mass was celebrated without difficulty in the castles of the chiefs and on the hill-sides. It was inevitable that under these circumstances the people should have continued Catholic. It was equally inevitable that the religious feeling of the country should be driven into rebellion.

Mr. Froude, as we have said, in the present work warmly eulogizes the efforts that were made to extirpate Catholicism. He is full of eloquence about its natural disloyalty; and if he blames Elizabeth, it is chiefly for the feebleness and lenity of her policy. Most persons, we should imagine, in reviewing the rebellions in her reign, would consider that penal laws directed against the religion of the entire nation were sufficiently oppressive and sufficiently irritating to account for them. Mr. Froude, however, has a different theory. He assures us that it is a peculiar-

ity of the Irish race, and especially of the Irish Catholics, that the more they are indulged the more they will rebel, and their rebellion under Elizabeth is his first great proof of this position. He deliberately argues that if they rose against the Queen it was not because she had proscribed their religion and overthrown their altars, not because she had driven the priests out of the churches and plundered their revenues, but because "she had forbidden her viceroys to meddle with religion," because she had connived at the secret celebration of their worship. The rebellion was not due to the rigour of the Government. It was an ungrateful return for excessive indulgence.* A paradox of this description might fairly be left to the common sense of the reader. It happens, however, that only a few years ago, Mr. Froude himself treated this portion of Irish history in his former work, and those who desire to test his weight and consistency as an historian can hardly do better than turn to what he then wrote. The following plain and unsophisticated account from his own pen is a crushing answer to his later book:—

"The suppression of the Catholic services enforced wherever the English had power, and hanging before the people as a calamity sure to follow as the limits of that power were extended, created a weight of animosity which no other measure could have produced, and alone made the problem of Irish administration hopelessly insoluble."† "The language of the Archbishop of Cashel to Cardinal Alciati shows that, before the Government attempted to force a religion upon them which had not a single honest advocate in the whole nation, there was no incurable disloyalty. If they were left with their own lands, their own laws, and their own creed, the chiefs were willing to acknowledge the English Sovereign."‡

But it was not only the worship of the nation that was threatened. We know from the unimpeachable authority of Sir John Davis, that a project had long been entertained of "rooting out" the Irish from the soil. Before the great rebellion had begun, a design had been already formed and already discovered for taking possession of three-fourths of Munster, and exterminating the native population. "To these intending colonists," writes Mr. Froude, "they were of no more value

* Pp. 51, 52, 211, and 364.

† History of England (ed. 1870), vol. x. pp. 222, 223.

‡ Ibid. p. 293.

than their own wolves, and would have been exterminated with equal indifference. Accident only, which betrayed the project prematurely, and gave the chiefs time to combine, prevented the experiment being tried.* "The expectation that the attempt would be renewed hung like a standing menace over an excited and agitated race, who believed that England was watching for an opportunity to sweep them out and destroy them."†

Our readers have now an opportunity of judging from Mr. Froude's own words the wisdom of his new theory, that the rebellion under Elizabeth was an illustration of the great law that the more Irish Catholics are indulged the more they will rebel. The term rebellion can hardly be applied with strict accuracy to nobles whose subjection to the English crown was never more than nominal. At all events they had the strongest of all conceivable reasons for their revolt. We have no desire to drape them in any colours of fantastic romance, or to represent them as other than semi-barbarous chiefs; but at least they were fighting for the three strongest motives that can actuate men, for their creed, their country, and their property. In the present work it suits Mr. Froude's theory to represent their rebellion as merely religious, and he is very emphatic concerning their ingratitude. "In no Catholic country in the world had so much tolerance been shown for Protestants as had been shown to Catholics in Ireland. Each successive provocation had been repaid with larger indulgence and always with more miserable results. . . . The bloody rebellions of Shan O'Neil, of the Earl of Desmond, and of the Earl of Tyrone . . . were the rewards of forbearance."‡ A few years ago, writing concerning this portion of Irish history, he informed us that "The Irish were not to be blamed if they looked to the Pope, to Spain, to France, to any friend in earth or heaven, to deliver them from a power which discharged no single duty that rulers owe to subjects."§

To these causes we must add the atrocities which before the rebellion were practised by English soldiers. "Elizabeth's soldiers, with their pay for ever in arrears, and not choosing to starve, lived almost universally by plunder. Placed in the country to repress banditti, they were little different from banditti. . . .

Too few to be able to take prisoners, or hold a mutinous district in compelled quiet, their only resource was to strike terror by cruelty. When sent to recover stolen cattle or punish a night foray, they came at last to regard the Irish peasants as unpossessed of the common rights of human beings, and shot or strangled them like foxes or jackals. More than once in the reports of officers employed in these services we meet . . . English gentlemen describing expeditions into the mountains 'to have some killing,' as if a forest was being driven for a battue.* The ferocity of these soldiers extended to the women and children. Sir Peter Carew and Gilbert were accustomed to slaughter women, babies that had scarcely left the breast, "children of three years old," and to glory in the act, and they were absolutely unpunished and uncensured.† In his former book, when his main object was not to defame the Irish Catholics, Mr. Froude characterized these acts as they deserved. "The English nation was shuddering over the atrocities of the Duke of Alva. The children in the nurseries were being inflamed to patriotic rage and madness by tales of Spanish tyranny. Yet Alva's bloody sword never touched the young, the defenceless, or those whose sex even dogs can recognize and respect."‡

It is with no pleasure that we revive the memory of these atrocities, but the extreme partiality which in the present work Mr. Froude had displayed in the management of his facts compels us to do so. The great rebellion, or rather the series of rebellions which followed, were their natural consequence. That of Desmond was in reality little connected with religion. That of O'Neil had a more theological complexion, for one of the chief demands of that great leader was that the Catholic worship should be permitted among Catholics. As might have been expected from its antecedents the war soon became one of extermination. No quarter was given, and in numerous cases women and children and men of the Irish race who had never taken part in the rebellion were deliberately massacred. In the island of Rathlin 600 women and children, who had been sent there as to a safe refuge, were surprised by Norris, and were all slaughtered. Essex accepted the hospitality of Sir Brian O'Neil. After a banquet, when the Irish chief had retired unsuspectingly to sleep, the English general sur-

* History of England, vol. x. p. 233.

† Ibid. p. 54.

‡ Ibid. pp. 202, 263.

§ P. 211.

* History of England, vol. x. p. 51.

† Ibid. pp. 243-267.

‡ Ibid. p. 252.

rounded the house with soldiers, captured his host with his wife and his brother, sent them all to Dublin for execution, and massacred the whole body of his friends and retainers. On another occasion an English officer, a favourite of the Viceroy, invited seventeen Irish gentlemen to supper, and when they rose from table had them all stabbed. For many years the history of Ireland was with little intermission a dreary monotony of carnage. No language can adequately describe the horrors of the scenes that were enacted in Munster. Year after year the harvests were deliberately burnt, everything that could furnish sustenance for man was destroyed, and famine rose to such a pitch that little children were killed for food. "The Irish," said Spenser, "looked like anatomies of death, and spoke like ghosts crying out of the grave; they flocked to a plot of watercresses as to a feast, and ate dead carrion, happy when they could find it; and soon after scraped the very carcasses out of the graves." Women lay in wait for a passing rider, and rushed out like famished wolves to slay and devour his horse. At last a great solitude reigned over the land. "Whoever did travel from the one end to the other of all Munster," said Holinshed, "would not meet any man, woman, or child, saving in towns and cities, nor yet see any beast." Over whole provinces there was not to be heard the lowing of a cow or the voice of a husbandman, and it is probable that even more perished by starvation than by the sword.

The war at last burnt out, but a new source of trouble began. Large confiscations followed, and a tide of English and Scotch adventurers set in to settle upon the soil. The threat of the wholesale confiscation of their property had been one of the causes that drove the chiefs into rebellion, and Mr. Froude clearly intimates his opinion that on its suppression such a measure should have been universal, and should have been accompanied by stricter laws against Catholicism.* The statesmen of Elizabeth were somewhat more merciful and tolerant than their historian, but under James I. six counties in Ulster were appropriated and colonized by the Scotch. Measures of the same nature, but on a smaller scale, had already taken place under Elizabeth, but the plantation under James was far more important. It was planned with much skill—partly by the advice of Bacon. Some regard was paid

to the interest of the poorer Irish, and the introduction of a new and energetic element produced a considerable influx of prosperity and laid the foundation of much future good. On the other hand, multitudes of proprietors were driven as beggars from the land. A new and bitter cause of resentment was planted in the minds of the people, and the first great step was taken in producing that insecurity of property and that smothered war between landlord and tenant which was destined for so many generations to be the bane of Irish life. As Mr. Goldwin Smith observes: "No inherent want of respect for property is shown by the Irish people, if a proprietorship which had its origin within historical memory in flagrant wrong is less sacred in their eyes than it would have been if it had its origin in immemorial right."

The country remained quiet till the civil war under Charles I. An inveterate animosity, however, now rankled in the minds of the Irish, above all in those counties in Ulster where the confiscations had taken place. It soon became evident to all men that the policy of "rooting out" the Irish was not abandoned, and that no Catholic could look forward to a secure possession of his land. To Mr. Froude's great admiration, Wentworth, having as we are told "the eye of a born ruler," undertook to confiscate the greater part of Connaught, and to plant it with English settlers. Ireland was at this time perfectly tranquil, and no provocation whatever had been given. The means employed were a searching inquisition into titles, which in the disturbed condition of Irish society could rarely be satisfactorily established, a revival of old and dormant claims, and a gross and systematic intimidation of juries. "The intention, scarcely concealed," says Mr. Froude, "flung the Irish of the old blood into a frenzy of rage. . . . What to him was King or Parliament, Calvinism or Anglicanism? The one fact to which all else was nothing, was coming home to his heart, that the Englishman, by force or fraud, was filching from him the inheritance of his fathers."* The policy of Wentworth, combined with the irritation excited by the confiscations in Ulster, with the extremely threatening attitude the Parliament had assumed towards Catholicism, and with the opportunity furnished by the civil war, produced the great rising of 1641. What can be thought of an historian who, having re-

lated these very facts, proceeds to give the following as the explanation and the moral of the rebellion: "The Catholics were indulged to the uttermost, and therefore rebelled"?* This is the second of Mr. Froude's proofs of the ingratitude of the Irish.

The massacre of 1641 furnishes Mr. Froude with one of his most effective pictures. It is elaborated with great pains, with great skill, and with great detail. We do not complain of the stern judgment he passes on the atrocities that were committed, but we do complain of the disproportionate place which he gives them in Irish history. That history had long been a succession of massacres, and an historian who gives a detailed and highly-finished picture of all the barbarities that were committed on one side, while he dismisses in the briefest and most general manner those that were committed on the other, is in our opinion not dealing righteously with history. Those who have studied the evidence which is collected by Mr. Prendergast will probably not agree with that author in denying the reality of the massacre: but they will certainly admit that it was not designed by the leaders of the rebellion; that its magnitude has been extravagantly exaggerated, that it was a popular outburst extending only over a comparatively small portion of Ireland, and that, as a general rule at least, women and children were spared. It was confined to Ulster, and to a part of Ulster, and the confederate leaders repudiated all participation in it. Still, when every allowance had been made, it was very ferocious and very sanguinary. Many thousands were massacred, and many scenes of ghastly cruelty were enacted. Even children whetted their tiny swords for vengeance. Even cattle were barbarously mutilated or destroyed. Horrible stories were told of the murder of helpless women and children; of men whose eyes were put out, who were goaded naked along the roads, burnt alive, ripped open with knives, or cast by hundreds into rivers. The pent-up fury of a people brutalized by long oppression broke out at last. They fought as men will fight who had been despoiled of their property, whose religion was under the ban of the law, who expected no quar-

ter from their adversaries, whose parents had been hunted down like wild beasts. Reduced to its true proportions, the Irish massacre reads like a page of the suppression of the Desmond rebellion; and, savage and disgraceful as it undoubtedly was, an impartial judge will probably conclude that in the matter of cruelty there was much less difference than has been supposed between the two parties. The atrocities that were practised on the Irish in quarters where no massacre had taken place, and among classes who were simply defending their king or their religion, can hardly be surpassed. English sailors, as Clarendon assures us, rarely gave quarter to Irishmen; but, "as well merchants and passengers as mariners, who fell into their hands, were bound back to back and thrown into the sea."* The saying, "nits will be lice," by which the soldiers of Sir Charles Coote justified the murder of Irish infants, became proverbial: and the massacre at Carrickmines Castle, where every man, woman, and child was slaughtered, and a priest "cut into pieces as small as for the pot;" the massacres at Drogheda and Wexford, where the whole garrisons were deliberately put to the sword or thrust back into the flames, while every friar was knocked on the head; the massacre in England and Scotland of all Irish soldiers who were taken in the army of the King, are characteristic incidents of the struggle. Half a million of human beings—a third part of the population of Ireland—perished. Slave-dealers were let loose upon the country, and a great multitude of young women and of boys were torn from their homes and sent as slaves to Barbadoes. Clarendon emphatically declares that, to find a parallel to the scenes of wretchedness that were witnessed, we must turn to the sufferings of the Jews under Titus. Wild beasts multiplied over the desolated land, and fierce packs of wolves ranged among the ruined cabins, and preyed upon the carcases of the slain.

That the Catholic spirit of the country should have thrown itself heartily into this rebellion was inevitable. It did so not because Catholicism had been indulged, nor yet because Catholicism is intolerant, but simply because the Puritan Parliament had openly declared its intention of exterminating it. Tolerance of Popery was described as the most atrocious of crimes. Priests were hung in England merely for celebrating mass, and the popular preachers were perpetually urging the Jewish

* P. 89. The following is Hallam's plain account of the matter:—"The primary causes of the rebellion are not to be found in the supineness or misconduct of the Lords Justices, but in the two great sins of the English Government: In the penal laws as to religion which pressed on almost the whole people, and in the systematic iniquity which despoiled them of their possessions."—*Const. Hist.* iii. p. 390.

* Book xi.

precedents for the slaughter of idolaters. We accordingly find that some priests were mixed up with the massacre, and that the highest ecclesiastical influence was exerted in favour of the rebellion. It is, however, not the less true that the chief causes of the rebellion were in the first instance secular, that it would have taken place if no difference of religion had existed, and that it never assumed altogether the character of a war of religion. One of our most interesting documents illustrating its character is the Life of Bishop Bedell, by his son-in-law Clogy. Bedell, of all Irish bishops, was the most energetic in proselytising, and the most decided type of his Protestantism might have been expected to make him peculiarly obnoxious to the Catholics. Bedell, however, was treated with the utmost consideration and respect. The Bishop of Elphin and many other Protestants were admitted under his roof. Their worship was carried on without the smallest difficulty, and when he died the Catholic bishop and the rebel soldiers paid high honours to his remains. Clogy, who was an eye-witness, and was himself an ardent Protestant, observes that the Irish hatred was rather against the English nation than against their religion; that English and Scotch Papists suffered with the rest, and that the sword made no distinction between Catholic and heretic.*

We have already described the measures of proscription that were taken by Cromwell—the absolute suppression of the Catholic worship, the sentence of high treason pronounced upon the whole Catholic priesthood, the confiscation of all Irish property in three provinces, the exile of the Celtic race to Connaught. The subject has recently been investigated with much skill and learning by Mr. Prendergast,† and few pages of modern history have a deeper or a more pathetic interest. The spectacle, however, of the intolerable suffering which was then inflicted has no tendency to diminish the enthusiasm of Mr. Froude. Of all the characteristics of the works of this great and in many respects admirable writer, the most repulsive is certainly the complete absence of all traces of the most ordinary humanity in the relation of the sufferings of those to whom he happens to object. This characteristic had already appeared in his History of England—as, for example, in his picture of the torture and the

martyrdom of Campion—but in the present work it is far more prominent. Nor is this the coldness which accompanies a rigidly impartial temperament. The calm and austere pages of a Gibbon or a Hallam would be almost disfigured by emotion, but Mr. Froude belongs to a very different type. No historian was ever less judicial. His style quivers with passion. In describing the deeds and characters of men who for centuries have mouldered in the dust, he is as fierce a partisan as the most fiery debater in Westminster. Hatred, however, seems too often the animating principle of his history; and in the present work the objects of that hatred are the Irish Celts and their religion.

It is characteristic of his enthusiasm for brute force, that he has no doubt that the system of Cromwell, if persevered in, would have made Ireland a Protestant country. For our part we cannot share his confidence. We believe the attempt to extirpate the religion of an entire nation to be as fatuous as it is infamous. The success that attended the penal laws of Elizabeth against the English Catholics, the success that on the Continent attended the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the atrocities of the Spanish Inquisition, is no proof to the contrary. In the first instance the creed that triumphed was that of a large and zealous minority who could appeal to the national sentiment. In the other cases it was the creed of an overwhelming majority. What the effects of the Irish policy of Cromwell actually were may be soon told. The massacres of Drogheda and of Wexford stamped upon the Irish mind an indelible hatred of England and of Protestantism, while 40,000 Irish troops enlisted under the banner of Spain strengthened the forces of Catholicism on the Continent. Of all Irish counties, perhaps the most anti-English is Tipperary, which was chiefly colonized by the soldiers of Cromwell. Of all Irish cities, none is more vehemently Catholic than Drogheda, which was the scene of his greatest triumph. His name is still powerful in dividing the two nations; and as early as the reign of Anne, as Mr. Froude himself assures us, it was equally execrated in Ireland by Catholics and Protestants, by Dissenters and by Churchmen.*

We have dwelt so long on the earlier stages of Mr. Froude's book, that we must hurry rapidly over the rest. We pass over the Act of Settlement, which, in vio-

* Clogy's "Life of Bedell," pp. 174, 175, 183.

† Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland.

lation of the engagements of Charles I., but in obedience to a great State necessity, confirmed the titles of a large proportion of the Cromwellian settlers, and restored to the Irish rather less than half the land that had been confiscated. We pass also the period of religious toleration under Charles II. and the struggle of the Irish in favour of his successor. The strange inversion of parts by which the descendants of the colonists whom the first English Stuart planted in Ulster were the bitterest adversaries of his successor, while the descendants of the Celts who were expelled were his warmest friends, has been often noticed. The scandalous proceedings of the Irish Parliament under James are well known, and they show but too plainly how ulcerated the minds of the Catholics had become, and how little they were disposed to acquiesce in the condition of property in Ireland. Lord Macaulay has made this subject specially his own, and while fully and justly condemning the Parliament of James, he has dwelt, with that humane and generous wisdom which is rarely absent from his writings, on the causes of its incapacity. The decree establishing liberty of worship in Ireland is the redeeming feature of its legislation; but the repeal of the Act of Settlement, on which Irish property rested since Charles II., and the arbitrary act of attainder condemning between two and three thousand Protestant landlords as guilty of high treason, and confiscating their land, combined in the very highest degree injustice, tyranny, and impolicy. The object was to annul the confiscations of Cromwell and of James I.; but after the period of time which had elapsed, and the purchases, sales, and improvements that had taken place, the object and the means were equally unjust. We have no more desire than Mr. Froude to excuse these acts, but an impartial historian would have remembered that many of the Irish legislators had probably been themselves deprived of their property by Cromwell, and that the deprivation had been confirmed by the Act of Settlement; that the parents of others had been spoliated by James, that the security of property had been shaken to its basis by the violence which had taken place, and that the act of attainder, unjust and barbarous as it was, only copied but too faithfully that of Cromwell against the Catholic priests. Of the impartiality of Mr. Froude, it is sufficient to say that he invariably describes the part which the Irish took in favour of James II. as a revolt, and that in

narrating the struggle he does not even bestow a single sentence on the character of Sarsfield. The Irish Bayard is indeed too well known to need any fresh eulogy; but the omission is eminently characteristic of the spirit of this book. The main object of Mr. Froude is to make the Irish Catholics appear odious and contemptible, and therefore, when he finds a man of signal purity and nobleness in their ranks, he passes him by with the barest allusion.

To William, as might be expected, Mr. Froude is very hostile. No instance of popular injustice is indeed more striking than that which, in Ireland at least, has associated with religious bigotry the name of one who far exceeded in enlightened tolerance any other ruler of his time, and whose calm, calculated, and inflexible humanity remained unchanged amid the fiercest convulsions of sectarian and of civil strife. He was determined not to leave in Ireland the memory of another massacre like that of Drogheda. He consistently employed all his influence to secure for the Catholics religious liberty; and before the battle of Aghrim he proposed a policy which, if it could have been carried out, would have done more than any measure since the time of Strongbow to stanch the wounds of the suffering people. "Touched by the fate of a gallant nation that had made itself the victim of French promises," says Sir Charles Wogan, "the Prince of Orange, before the decisive battle of Aghrim, offered the Irish Catholics the free exercise of their religion, half the churches in the kingdom, and the moiety of their ancient possessions."* By the articles of the capitulation of Limerick he guaranteed to the Catholics the religious liberty they enjoyed under Charles II., and it was not his fault if the treaty was afterwards broken.

We need hardly say that with such a character Mr. Froude can have no sympathy. He cannot forgive William for not having pushed matters to extremities and terminated them as they were terminated by Cromwell. He is full of scorn for a Calvinist who suffered the mass to be celebrated in Ireland, and for a statesman who "believed that the Irish temperament was capable of being conquered by generosity." He is evidently of opinion that the English policy towards Ireland since the Reformation had been marked by such a sustained and extravagant indulgence, that nothing except the incurable ingrati-

tude of that unhappy nation could account for the existence of disloyalty. He hints very intelligibly that the better policy would have been to transport them generally to other lands, or steadily decimate them till the unruly spirit had been broken;† but he adds, that such "excess of severity" was not absolutely necessary. The line of policy which in his opinion was imperatively required, was substantially that of Cromwell; the complete suppression by law of the Catholic religion, the exile of the whole Catholic hierarchy, the stringent prohibition of the importation of all priests from abroad. Catholicism should have been universally made a penal offence, and at the same time the native or Catholic faction should have been reduced to a state of complete subjugation. This being done, and the Protestants being entirely in the ascendant, every measure should have been taken to encourage material prosperity, to provide for Protestant education and the free development of Protestant churches, and to efface the traces of distinct Irish nationality.*

In support of these humane and enlightened views Mr. Froude favours us with a disquisition on the reasons for persecuting Catholics. He is very sarcastic about the modern Liberal, who, in matters of persecution, "finds excuses for the Catholic which he refuses to the Calvinist" — who, in other words, maintains that those whose creed rests avowedly upon the assertion of the right of private judgment are peculiarly criminal if they refuse the exercise of that right to others; and about "the sacred rights of conscience to choose its own religion, and in its own wisdom to believe whatever theories of divine things it happens to prefer." He assures us once more, in direct and flagrant contradiction not only to all other historians but even to his own narrative of facts, that the rebellions under Elizabeth and under Charles I. were due to the partial tolerance of Catholicism. He again represents the conduct of the Irish in taking part with the King in the struggle of the revolution, as a rebellion — as a rebellion which was the consequence of the religious toleration that had followed the Restoration — as a rebellion which constitutes the third great historic proof of their inveterate ingratitude: and he asks, "What was there in the circumstances of Ireland that, when it was once more subdued, the English Government should have hesitated to apply the same rule there which Louis XIV. was

finding necessary in France?"* For our own part, we can readily admit that those in whose eyes the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the dragonnades, and the expulsion of the French Huguenots were wise and righteous measures, may approve of a similar policy in Ireland, though even they may remember that there was one distinction between the cases: — The Protestants were a small minority of the people of France, the Catholics were the overwhelming majority of the people of Ireland.

We do not desire to dwell further on this matter, but there is another point to which we must briefly refer. Mr. Froude warmly advocates the policy of depriving the Catholics of ownership in land. Owing to many confiscations, and to the slow operation of the penal code, this end has been in a great degree accomplished. As a rule the Irish landlords are Protestants while their tenants are Catholics, and every practical statesman knows that this very fact is one of the greatest difficulties and dangers he has to encounter. Owing to the events of its history, class divisions in Ireland are naturally peculiarly menacing, and it is one of the gravest misfortunes of the country that they coincide with and are intensified by the difference of creed. To this fact, too — which is the direct consequence of the acts he so warmly extols — may be ascribed, in a great degree, those very features of Irish Catholic policy to which Mr. Froude most strongly objects. If a considerable body of Catholic gentry existed, they would be the natural leaders of their co-religionists. They do not exist, and the field is left open to priests and demagogues.

Mr. Froude is not indulgent to modern statesmen. He speaks with much lofty scorn of "constitutional commonplaces," of "the cant of toleration," of "the childish prate about Irish ideas." Echoing the language of the great persecutors of the past, he tells us that "true liberty means the being governed by just laws, laws which are in harmony with the will of the Maker and Master of the world,"† and the whole tenor of his book is a sufficient comment upon his meaning. He utterly rejects the notion that the will of the nation should, on political questions, be consulted, or that there is anything unrighteous or criminal in forcing upon a people a form of government which they hate. "So long as the consent of the governed is recognized as essential to the legitimacy of authority, so long and so far Ireland will pos-

* P. 208.

† P. 219.

* Pp. 207-213.

† P. 604.

ness a grievance which only complete separation will remove.* We hope these words are much exaggerated, and should be much qualified. If they are true, we cannot but regard them as the most striking condemnation of the past government of Ireland, and as supplying one of the strongest reasons why English writers in speaking on Irish questions should employ a language of moderation and conciliation. A government of pure despotism has, however, nothing revolting in it to Mr. Froude. His views of the relation of the governed to their rulers are much the same as those of Bishop Horsley, whose famous saying, that "he knew not what subjects had to say to the laws except to obey them," was long cited as a supreme example of the servility of a certain class of Anglican divines, and of their hatred of the free constitution under which they live. "The consent of man," says Mr. Froude, "was not asked when he was born into the world; his consent will not be asked when his time comes to die. As little has his consent to do with the laws which, while he lives, he is bound to obey."† We must acknowledge ourselves unable to understand why the fact that a man is not consulted at his birth or at his death should preclude him from having any voice in the laws which dispose of his property and regulate his destiny while he lives; but the general meaning of the passage is at least sufficiently manifest. It is the theory of despotism stated in the barest and most emphatic form; and that such a doctrine should be propounded by an English writer of the eminence of Mr. Froude is certainly a fact well worthy of record.

We have been compelled to dwell at such length upon the points on which we differ from Mr. Froude, that we are glad to mention some on which we agree with him. We agree with him that one of the great evils of English government of Ireland has been its perpetual change of system and tendency—the cold fits of rigour and the hot fits of indulgence that have so rapidly succeeded each other. We agree with him also in deploring the extreme fatuity of the policy which, while endeavouring to crush the Catholics by penal laws, took no single step to invigorate or to unite the Protestants. The Established Church was made a great field for jobbery. Its highest positions became the rewards of political services in England, and the system of pluralities was carried to such an extent that, notwithstanding all the

emoluments and all the privileges of the Church, multitudes of Protestants lapsed into Catholicism for want of the common ordinances of religion. On the other hand, the Presbyterians were subject to a Test Act, which was first sent over from England, and was afterwards maintained in spite of English influence by the ascendancy of the bishops in the Irish House of Lords. They were perpetually molested and harassed in their worship, and they at last fled in numbers to America, where they contributed their full share to the revolution. Above all, we agree with Mr. Froude in the gross impolicy as well as the gross injustice of the commercial disabilities by which almost every form of Irish industry was deliberately and selfishly crushed. The history of those laws is well worthy of the attention of all who would study the social condition of Ireland, and it has been written by Mr. Froude with consummate power. Until the time of Charles I. Ireland was placed commercially on all points on a level with England, but Wentworth, imagining that the Irish woollen manufacturers might undersell those of England, took some measures to discourage them. This proceeding appears to have been purely arbitrary, and is, we think, rather exaggerated by Mr. Froude, perhaps in order that he may heighten the merit of Cromwell, who restored matters to their former state. With Charles II., however, legislative prohibitions began. Ireland was a great pasture country, and her chief source of wealth was the importation of her cattle into England. The English landowners complained of the rivalry, and the importation of Irish cattle to England, as well as of salt beef, bacon, butter, and cheese, was absolutely prohibited. By her omission from the amended Navigation Act of 1663, Ireland was at the same time excluded from all direct trade with the British Colonies. Her two chief sources of wealth were thus utterly and wilfully annihilated. One chance, however, still remained. The Irish, when forbidden to export their cattle, turned their land into sheep-walks, and it soon appeared that, in spite of the poverty of the people and the low condition of civilization, a great and flourishing woollen trade was likely to arise. Ireland possessed the advantages of unlimited water-power, of cheap labour and living, and, above all, of the best wool in Europe. Many English and even foreign manufacturers went over, and in the first years that followed the Revolution there was every probability of her becoming a considerable industrial na-

* P. 605.

† Ibid.

tion. Once more the selfish policy of English manufacturers prevailed. The export of unmanufactured wool to foreign countries had been already forbidden. The Legislature now interposed and forbade the export of Irish manufactured wool, not only to England and the English dominions, but to every other country. The rising industry was thus completely annihilated. Thousands of manufacturers and of workmen emigrated to the Continent or to America. Whole districts were thrown into a condition of poverty verging upon starvation, and the last chance of developing a great Protestant population was lost. The only resource that remained was a smuggling trade in wool with France, which accordingly assumed vast dimensions. All classes engaged in it—and, under the circumstances, we cannot blame them—and thus one more influence was set at work to educate the people into hostility to law.

Among the consequences of this prohibition were two political movements of great significance. The Irish Parliament, impotent before the Legislature of England, and despairing of the material prosperity of the country, began to long for a legislative union with England, which would at least secure the advantages of free trade. The impending Union with Scotland turned the thoughts of Irishmen to such a measure, and in 1704 the House of Commons petitioned for it. The opportunity was in some respects peculiarly favourable. The Protestants desired the measure; the Catholics were hopelessly crushed, and it was then a settled maxim that they were to have no voice in disposing of their destiny of the country. The English Government, however, actuated chiefly by commercial jealousy, rejected the opportunity and refused the boon. The other movement was that for legislative independence. Raised by Molyneux, and powerfully supported by Swift, the claim of the Irish became louder and louder, and the extreme malevolence with which in commercial matters the English supremacy was exerted powerfully sustained it. The causes of free trade and of an independent Parliament were indissolubly connected, and they at last triumphed through the efforts of the Volunteers.

While the prosperity of the Protestants was being crushed by the commercial laws, the Catholics were suffering under the penal code. The space that is assigned to us will not permit of our entering at length into the details of this code—a code which Burke described as “well digested

and well disposed in all its parts; a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment, and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man.” In the eyes of Mr. Froude, we need scarcely say, the great objection to this code was its failure and the feebleness with which it was enforced. “The success which would have been the justification of these laws” was wanting. To sum up briefly their provisions, they excluded the Catholics from the Parliament, from the magistracy, from the corporations, from the university, from the bench and from the bar; from the right of voting at parliamentary elections or at vestries, of acting as constables, as sheriffs, or as jurymen, of serving in the army or navy, of becoming solicitors, or even holding the position of game-keeper or watchman. They prohibited them from becoming schoolmasters, ushers, or private tutors; or from sending their children abroad to receive the Catholic education they were refused at home. They offered an annuity to every priest who would forsake his creed, pronounced a sentence of exile against the whole hierarchy, and restricted the right of celebrating the mass to registered priests, whose number, according to the first intention of the Legislature, was not to be renewed. The Catholics could not buy land, or inherit or receive it as a gift from Protestants, or hold life annuities, or leases for more than thirty-one years, or any lease on such terms that the profits of the land exceeded one-third of the rent. A Catholic, except in the linen trade, could have no more than two apprentices. He could not have a horse of the value of more than 5*l.*, and any Protestant on giving him 5*l.* might take his horse. He was compelled to pay double to the militia. In case of the war with a Catholic Power, he was obliged to reimburse the damage done by the enemy's privateers. To convert a Protestant to Catholicism was a capital offence. No Catholic might marry a Protestant. Into his own family circle the elements of dissension were ingeniously introduced. A Catholic landowner might not bequeath his land as he pleased. It was divided equally among his children, unless the eldest son became a Protestant, in which case the parent became simply a life tenant, and lost all power either of selling or mortgaging it. If a Catholic's wife abandoned her husband's religion, she was immediately free from his control, and

the Chancellor could assign her a certain proportion of her husband's property. If his child, however young, professed itself Protestant, it was taken from its father's care, and the Chancellor could assign it a portion of its father's property. No Catholic could be guardian either of his own children or to those of another.

We imagine that most of our readers will consider Burke's description of this code not overcharged. It is true that penal laws still more severe were directed against Catholics in England and against Protestants in most Catholic countries; but those of Ireland were peculiarly fitted, by the bribes they held out to apostasy, to debase as well as to crush. They were directed not against a small sect, but against the bulk of the nation, and they were a distinct violation of the Treaty of Limerick. The blame of them may be very equally divided between the English and the Irish Parliaments; and the best that can be said of them is, that that portion which related to the Catholic worship soon became a dead letter, while a crowd of legal evasions and a great and creditable laxness of local tribunals in a great measure defeated the provisions about property. They had, however, abundantly the effect of associating in the minds of the Catholics the idea of law with that of hostility to their religion, of driving out of the country the ablest men, and of destroying all ambition and all energy in those who remained.

There is a striking passage in Mr. Galton's very remarkable work on Hereditary Genius, in which he endeavours to account for the marvellous efflorescence of genius that adorned the great period of Athenian history, by showing that the institutions of Athens were peculiarly fitted to attract men who were able, while the social life of Athens was peculiarly fitted to repel those who were not, and that by this double process a race was gradually formed far exceeding the average of human capacities. In Ireland, in the early part of the eighteenth century, a directly opposite process appears to have been going on. The most various influences conspired to drive from the country all men of energy, ability, and character. If an able man arose among the Presbyterians, he at once found himself shut out by the test from the path of honour. If he were a Catholic, he was excluded by the penal laws from every field of ambition and from almost every possibility of acquiring influence or wealth. If he belonged to the favoured Church, he was even then com-

pelled to see all the highest positions, both political and ecclesiastical, monopolized by Englishmen. If he was indifferent to theological differences and careless of political honours, he still found himself in a country where industrial and commercial wealth was impossible, and where that impossibility was deliberately and intentionally brought about by the Legislature. It is not surprising that great wretchedness and great inertness prevailed, and that a stream of emigration already flowed from Ireland. From the earliest period there has been something erratic and nomadic in the Irish genius. In the sixth and seventh centuries, when the Irish monasteries had a world-wide reputation, Irish missionaries occupied a place second to that of no other nation in the great work of evangelizing Europe. From Lindisfarne and from Luxeuil, from the banks of the Steinbach in Switzerland, and from the monastery of Bobbio in Italy, they spread the light of Christianity over many lands which were destined in after-days to march in the forefront of civilization. At a later period we find the Irishman Scotus Erigena founding a rationalistic philosophy in France, and the Irishman St. Virgilius teaching the existence of the antipodes at Salzburg. In the eighteenth century Presbyterian talent and industrial energy took refuge in England or America, while most of the ability and ambition of the Catholics found its way to France, to Austria, or to Spain.

Of the condition of affairs at home Mr. Froude gives a vivid but, we think, a somewhat over-coloured picture. He devotes a long chapter to Irish crime, and, with that gratuitous offensiveness which is so painfully prominent in the present work, he entitles his chapter "Irish Ideas." These "ideas" are chiefly the houghing of cattle and the abduction of heiresses. We believe that in some of the least respectable of the Fenian newspapers it is the custom to collect extracts from the English police reports under such titles as "English Civilization" or "English Ideas." We must simply express our astonishment and our deep regret that a great writer in a grave history should condescend to imitate the example.

That there should have been much violent crime was indeed inevitable. By three great confiscations about nine-tenths of the soil of Ireland had recently been wrested violently from its old proprietors. The religion of four-fifths of the people was persecuted, and almost every leading form of industry had been crushed by

law. "Tories" and "Rapparees"—the ejected proprietors and their adherents—swarmed over the land and waged a chronic war with their successors. Smuggling, too, called into being by the suppression of the wool-trade, and peculiarly favoured by the configuration of the Irish coast, was universal. Mr. Froude has devoted an admirable chapter to describing the spirit of wild, lawless, and adventurous romance which it engendered. Probably in few countries was the empire of law so feeble; but we must remember that in almost all countries law was then weaker than at present. The period concerning which Mr. Froude writes was that when the streets of London were almost impassable at night through the outrages of the Mohocks; when the country roads of England were infested with highwaymen; when the horrors of the Fleet Prison and the scandals of Fleet marriages were at their height; when hereditary jurisdiction was still unshaken in Scotland; and when a journey through the Highlands was as perilous as a journey would now be through Central Africa.

Still there was a real and perceptible improvement in the nation. The loyalty of the Catholics to the crown is a striking fact and an eloquent comment upon Mr. Froude's estimate of their character. In the rebellion of 1715, in the rebellion of 1745, they remained absolutely passive. In the first case this may be ascribed to extreme exhaustion, but in the second the Catholic priests took an active part in giving the Government warning of plots for the Pretender. Still later, when the American Colonies had revolted against England, and at a time when the Presbyterians were profoundly disaffected, the Catholics were ardently loyal. To the long night of trial through which they passed, we may probably ascribe a great part of their noblest characteristics: a deep and fervent attachment to their creed, which no threats and no blandishments could shake; a spirit of reverence and simple piety, of cheerful content, and of mutual charity under extreme poverty, such as few nations in Europe can equal. In this period, too, was gradually formed that high tone of female purity which is their distinguishing and transcendent excellence; and which, in the words even of this bitter enemy, is "unparalleled, probably, in the civilized world."* To writers who judge the moral excellence of a race by its strength and by its success, all these

qualities will rank but low in the scale of virtues. A larger and a wiser philosophy will acknowledge that no others do more to soften and purify the character, to lighten the burden of sorrow, and to throw a consoling lustre upon the darkness of the tomb.

This period was also remarkable for a gradual approximation of classes and creeds. Few things in Irish history are more curious than the manner in which the atrocious penal laws against the Catholics fell gradually into desuetude. At first, the High Church and Jacobite tendencies of the bishops, who usually formed a majority in the House of Lords, and their antipathy to the Presbyterians, led them to favour the Catholics; and dissensions between the English Government and the Irish Parliament had a similar influence. Gradually, however, and to a degree which is very remarkable and not sufficiently noticed, a spirit of toleration crept over the Irish Protestants. The singular power of the native Irish to assimilate to themselves the extraneous elements planted in their midst had been long noticed. The complaint was older than the Reformation, and it was not arrested by it. The poet Spenser, after the Desmond rebellion, advocated the suppression of Irish insurrections by starvation. His grandson, during the Commonwealth, was exiled and deprived of his estate as an Irish Papist. A large proportion of the rebels in 1641 were of English blood. The Cromwellians themselves who settled on the soil succumbed to the same influence. Ireton, indeed, endeavoured to guard against the danger by stringent regulations against the intermarriage of his soldiers with the Irish; but although there were some few who, like the hero of a Cromwellian poem,

"rather than turne
From English principles would sooner burne,
And rather than marrie an Irish wife
Would batchellers remain for terme of life,"

this heroism was not common, and forty years after the settlement had taken place, it was already a complaint that great numbers of the children of Oliver's soldiers were unable to speak a word of English.* If the Irish Protestants during the period of the penal laws did not throw off their religion, they at least came gradually to look with a rare tolerance on their Catholic countrymen. The spirit of an age

* P. 557.

* Prendergast, "Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland," pp. 261-266.

which was peculiarly adverse to religious bigotry; the lowering of the theological temperament which always follows when there are many nominal conversions for the sake of entering a profession or retaining a property; the national feeling which gradually drew Catholics and Protestants together in a common cause; and lastly, the effects of social intercourse and of a social temperament, gradually assuaged the bitterness of sect. During the struggle about Wood's half-pence, Primate Boulter noticed that it "had a very unhappy influence on the state of Ireland by bringing on intimacies between Papists and Jacobites and the Whigs." As early as 1725 a clergyman named Syngue preached a very remarkable sermon before the Irish House of Commons in favour of toleration, and received the thanks of the House. During the whole period of the penal laws a large amount of property was preserved to Catholics by being nominally transferred to Protestant friends; and we believe there is no single instance on record of the trust being betrayed. In the latter half of the eighteenth century it is absolutely certain that the Protestant public opinion of Ireland was far more tolerant towards the Catholics than Protestant opinion in England. This very interesting and very important historical fact is established by the most emphatic contemporary testimonies and by the irrefutable evidence of facts. The first attempt to remove some of the most iniquitous of the English penal laws was sufficient to create a fierce agitation throughout the length and breadth of England and Scotland. Most of the Provincial Synods in Scotland protested against the toleration of Catholics: Glasgow and Edinburgh were convulsed with riots; Corresponding Societies multiplied over the whole of England; the House of Commons was besieged by a mob of 20,000 men. London for several days was in the hands of an infuriated populace: the gaols were broken open; Catholic chapels were destroyed; the houses of the chief advocates of the measure of relief were burned to the ground, and more than 300 persons were shot in the streets. In Ireland, the relaxation of the penal laws had already begun, and in the very year of the Lord George Gordon riots the Protestant Volunteers unanimously passed a resolution expressing their gratification at that relaxation, and soon after they admitted Catholics to their ranks. A few years later, the Irish Protestant Parliament, without any serious difficulty, without creating the smallest disturbance in

the country, carried a series of measures of which it may be truly said that, in the existing condition of English public opinion, they would have been impossible in England without a revolution. It threw open to the Catholics the magistracy, the jury-box, and the degrees in the University. It conferred upon them a substantial amount of real political power by granting them the elective franchise; and it would certainly have completed the work of emancipation but for the opposition of Pitt and the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam. To writers of the school of Mr. Froude these facts may be an evidence of the "progress to anarchy." To those who really value religious and political liberty they will appear in a very different light.

It is certain, too, that in the latter half of the eighteenth century the relation of classes improved. Mr. Froude is very bitter against the Irish landlords, and especially the smaller landlords. We do not dispute the general resemblance of the picture he draws, but we imagine it is greatly over-coloured. Such writers as Sir Jonah Barrington are not trustworthy guides to an historian. The Irish landlords no doubt drank, fought duels, exceeded their means, lived reckless, idle, and sporting lives; but whatever may have been the case with individuals, or even with particular districts, they usually secured the devoted attachment of their tenants. In many ways they were lawless, violent, and arbitrary; but the simple fact that the greater part of the land of Ireland was let on long leases, at rents so low that there were usually several middlemen between the owner and the occupier of the soil, shows that, as a class, they were not grasping or avaricious. Considering how vivid the memory of the confiscations still was, it is surprising to find so deep an attachment as undoubtedly subsisted between the resident landlord and his dependants. Some really high and commanding qualities must have existed among men who organized such a movement as that of the Volunteers, and who supplied that large amount of brilliant talent which, towards the close of the century, adorned the Parliament of Ireland.

That very considerable exertions were made to improve the material condition of the country Mr. Froude freely admits. Arthur Young declared, on his visit to Ireland, that the roads were, on the whole, decidedly superior to those in England. Bogs were drained, public works of many kinds were encouraged, and an admirable system of inland navigation was estab-

lished. Country seats grew up, which, if inferior to the historic mansions of the great English nobles, might at least bear a fair comparison with those of the Continent. An edifice which is even now second to no work of Grecian architecture in the kingdom was erected for the Parliament, and Trinity College assumed something of its present imposing proportions. As long as the trade and industry of Ireland were crushed by disabling laws no great prosperity was possible; but the first steps were energetically taken, and when the arms of the Volunteers emancipated the Irish trade, material well-being rapidly and instantaneously increased.

There were, no doubt, dark shadows to the picture, the darkest being the steady appropriation by the Government of the patronage and resources of the country to the purpose of corrupting its representatives. Enough, however, has been said to show that according to all ordinary standards of comparison the movement was steadily upwards. In Mr. Froude's judgment, however, it was a movement of decline. The volume before us is chiefly devoted to three periods of Irish history. The first is the Cromwellian period, when the religion of the Irish was absolutely suppressed, when their land was confiscated, when the greater part of the nation was driven into exile, and when their priests were treated as felons. This, in Mr. Froude's opinion, is the ideal period, when Ireland was governed according to God's law and to true principles. The second period is that which followed the Revolution. The foolish humanity of William, the vacillation or tolerance of Ministers and Parliament, made it a period incomparably inferior to the other, though even it was not without its distinctive merits. The last period was that when the penal laws were abrogated, when every man was suffered to worship as he pleased, when the division of classes was weakened, and when a national spirit began to show itself in the Irish Protestants. This, in Mr. Froude's judgment, is the period of anarchy, and at the opening stages of this period he draws the present volume to its close.

It is with deep and sincere regret that we have been compelled to write as we have done about this work. It is a work which we believe can hardly fail to injure the reputation of its author. We yield to

no one in admiration of the many great and splendid qualities which Mr. Froude has brought to the study of history. It would be mere impertinence to speak at length of his wide research, of his pure, noble, and graceful eloquence, of that consummate artistic skill with which he has portrayed so many subtle characters, and has invested so many of the most barren periods of history with all the colour of romance. We cannot but regard it as a real national calamity that gifts so rare and so transcendent should be allied with an inveterate passion for paradox, and especially for moral paradox, and should be disfigured by so much partiality, intolerance, and intemperance. In the present condition of public opinion in Ireland, at a time when there is some hope that ancient animosities may slowly subside under the influence of the great legislative measures of the last few years, the most ordinary patriotism should counsel great caution and moderation in treating of the confiscations and of the massacres of the past. No such spirit has been shown by Mr. Froude. With a recklessness of consequences that cannot be too deeply deplored, with a studied offensiveness of language that can only be intended to irritate and insult, he has thrown a new brand of discord into the smouldering embers of Irish discontent. His work will be received with ill-concealed delight by all who desire to maintain disloyalty in Ireland, and by all who envy the position of England in the world. What can be more mischievous than that every rebel newspaper should have the right to circulate among the Irish people whole pages from one of the most popular of English writers in favour of the extirpation of their religion and the destruction of all their liberties? What can be more deplorable than that every foreign critic who declaims upon the selfishness of England should be able to assert, on the authority of one of the foremost names in contemporary literature, that the English government in Ireland can only be rightly maintained and justified by the repudiation of all those principles of civil and religious liberty which it is the glory of England to have first introduced into her constitution, and which for many generations it has been her great mission to sustain and to propagate throughout the world?

W. E. H. LECKY.

HIS LITTLE SERENE HIGHNESS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE "DORCHLAUCHTING" OF
FRITZ REUTER.

FIVE hours earlier than his Highness held his levee on the following morning, the two sisters held their levee, and Stining, at least, with a heavy heart. Ah, with what a joyful heart she usually sat down to her work; how quickly she threaded her needle; how the stitches flew after each other on the white linen, as if they were the light footprints of a merry wanderer; and how gladly she threw a glance out of the window when she stopped to wax her thread, and rejoiced in the morning sun, which shone for the world, even though her little chamber were gloomy! And when the little birds in the old linden tree struck up their morning song to greet the new day, she sang her morning song also, but gently, very gently, lest she should disturb the rest of her old father, who slept near by. So it had been every morning; and if at evening her heart was heavy with care and longing, in the silent darkness of night came the angel who brings a message from our Lord to weary hands and faithful hearts, and he softly pressed her eyelids together, and poured into her heart the hope which shone from her bright eyes in the morning. But this night the angel did not come to close her eyes; they were heavy and sad with waking and weeping; she sought vainly for the eye of her needle, and the merry wanderer crept sadly forward, and often stopped because of the rain that fell upon his white foot-path.

Dürten also had not slept; but she had arrived at a sort of conclusion in her thoughts, and although this conclusion was not so firm but that here and there some unmanageable features would intrude, yet she had a sure conviction that upon the chief element of this conclusion she could safely rely, — that is, if he would allow himself to be pushed, — and that was the Conrector. And he must let himself be pushed; she had pushed him so often that he could not be rusty; and if she were to apply a little oil —

"Good-morning, Stining," said she, as she entered her sister's door about half-past ten o'clock. "I could not come sooner, for I had everything to do first; but now he is at school."

"Ah, Dürten, I am feeling very sad."

"That I can readily believe. I do not feel quite right myself; I did not sleep well last night, but I am getting over it. I feel quite differently this morning."

"Ah, yes, I dare say; it is a beautiful morning."

"Yes, but that isn't the reason; I would rather it looked like a storm."

"Like a storm! What good can a storm do us?"

"Much, Stining, much! And if you think as I do, you will pray the Lord to send us a fearful storm to-day, and not be sparing of thunder and lightning."

"But, good heavens, Dürten! why do you want a thunder-storm?"

"To set Halsband free."

"Ah, Dürten, how you talk! What has Halsband to do with a thunder-storm?"

"He need not make it, and it need not beat in at his windows. No, it is only that Serene Highness may know how an anxious man feels. What! — does he think he can command everything? We have not got so far as that! The Lord has not entrusted Serene Highness with the control of the storms, and so far as I can see, it looks as if He intended to keep that business in His own hands."

"Yes, Dürten; but Halsband —"

"Hear me out, Stining! I am coming to that. See, — when a storm is coming up, Serene Highness trembles with fear, and he learns to recognize the hand of the Lord. And then he becomes very gracious, and on account of his terror he sends for the Herr Conrector, whom he considers the most intelligent man in the city, at least in weather matters, — in money matters Hofrath Altmann may be more so, — and then they do all sorts of wonderful tricks together, and in that way his Highness seeks for comfort; and then, in his distress, he cannot refuse the Conrector any favor. That was the way we got the two cords of beech-wood, and if he should ask him to set Halsband free —"

"Ah, Dürten, do you think he would?"

"He might, Stining; I have persuaded him to do harder things; but this is my business. Your business is to pray for a good, hard thunder-storm. Unless he is in distress, his Highness will do nothing."

With that she went away, but put her head in at the window to say: "The flies stick dreadfully, and it is sultry enough, and there are little clouds rising in the West. I believe we shall get one; but keep on praying all the same; it can do no harm, at any rate."

How Dürten Holzen intended to procure a petition for Halsband, from the Herr Conrector, was her own affair, and we need not trouble ourselves about it. Time will reveal it. But she was so well informed about his Highness's terror of

thunder-storms, because of late years she had often seen the Herr Conrector going to the palace, often with a little vexation; but he always came back laughing and jesting.

His Serene Highness was Duke by the grace of God; but he did not understand his title to mean that the grace of God had made him Duke. On the contrary, in the winter, when there were no thunder-storms, or in fair weather in summer, he was very nearly of the opinion that his ducal grace was as independent and significant as the grace of God itself. He did not learn that in Gripswold, but in France. He looked upon himself, therefore, in fine weather, as a sort of minor deity, all-powerful in his little realm. But our Lord disturbs the lofty tree, that it may not grow up to heaven, and He so ordered it that his Highness was often reminded of his humanity; for instance, when the treasury was empty and Schultsch would give him no biscuits, or when there was a storm in the air and his limbs began to tremble. If the first was the case, Hofrath Altmann was sent for; if the second, the Herr Conrector, with his pitch-and-rosin box under his arm and the fox-brush in his hand, took his way across the market-place, the lackey who had summoned him following with a couple of bottles, and Dürten bringing up the rear with the rest of the apparatus in a basket. In the very sanctum sanctorum of his Highness, in his private cabinet, preparations were made and all was properly exhibited: little balls of elder-pith were attracted and repelled, little paper poppets danced upon the pitch-and-rosin box; the Herr Conrector put Rand upon a three-legged stool, which was supported by bottles, and filled with a substance which nobody could see, until his hair stood on end like swine's bristles, and his face looked like a hedge-hog. Then he went up to Rand and touched his nose with the knuckle of his finger, and sparks came from it, and his Highness did the same, and then laughed at Rand's comical expression. And at one time his Highness gave orders that the apothecary's machine should be brought over, and the Conrector filled a bottle from it, and asked his Highness if he would like to see a little lightning, — just a very little, — in the room, and his Highness thoughtlessly said, "Yes," and got such a flash that he almost screamed, and gave orders that the thing should never be brought into his presence again. Of all these things his Highness understood nothing at all, — the Herr Conrector said to himself: because of his natural capacities; — Rand said:

because of his natural fear, — and he ordered the Conrector, by virtue of his office as reigning sovereign, that he should take care that there were no more thunder-storms. When the Conrector said that he could not do that, his Highness demanded that he should be protected from the lightning. The Conrector informed him that the only protection was in lightning-rods; and when he had clearly explained them, his Highness had them put up on all the chimneys and corners of the palace roof, and they stand there to this day, and have done some good; for, since that time, the lightning struck Baker Schultz's pig-pen, and it was burnt to the ground; but the palace stands there still.

At first these precautions gave his Highness a little rest; but, in time, various misgivings arose in his mind lest his sacred person might not be sufficiently protected; for he had the princely feeling that he, of all others, ought to be placed in perfect security.

So he asked advice of the Conrector, but the latter did not know what to recommend. He knew, to be sure, that iron and other metals attract the lightning, and glass and sealing-wax and silk repel it; but how to construct from these a protective armor for the ducal person he could not imagine.

"So," said his Highness, "you think if a man could sit in a glass ball, he would not be struck by lightning?"

"Yes," said the Conrector, "possibly not, but he would certainly be suffocated."

That was not agreeable to the gracious Herr, so he gave up the idea of enclosing himself in glass; but sealing-wax? How would that answer? But that wasn't quite the thing, either. He could have his body covered with red wax, — black would not do, because of the looks, — but it would wear off, and to have himself fresh lacquered and dried every morning would be too great an inconvenience. So, silk! — But he wore that already, down to his shoes, and if that were a protection, then all his terrors were needless. He occupied himself a long time with these deliberations, and during the last winter at Nigen-Strelitz he had arrived at a conclusion and invented something. He had brought his invention with him, and intended to surprise the Conrector with it. And on this very day he succeeded completely in doing so.

Dürten also had her designs upon the Herr Conrector this morning; but she had no thought of a surprise. On the contrary, she intended to make gradual ap-

proaches, until, by slow degrees, she should have prepared him for her request. But she found it a difficult matter; for, as he sat at the dinner table, he looked so cross, and gazed away over the dishes and Dürten herself out of the window, as if there were something special to be seen there. At first Dürten thought of the Soltmann, and she looked round. No, it wasn't that, — she was not to be seen.

"It is very hot to-day," said she.

"Hm!" answered the Conrector.

"Yes; and the old flies stick so."

"Hm!" was the reply. "Saturday, Sunday, —"

"No, to-day is Friday; that is, for people who do not get strokes; but I believe we shall have something to-day — we shall get a thunder-storm."

"Saturday, Sunday," continued the Conrector, quietly; "the sixteenth, that will be a week from Tuesday, — that will be the Tuesday after Whitsuntide."

"No," said Dürten, "it doesn't last till then; the time is out a week from to-day. His Highness has settled it."

"Dürten," said the Conrector, "what are you talking about? What has his Highness to do with the matter? It belongs to the Chancery."

"The Chancery? But the Court must examine a man first, and he can make his defence before they can put him in prison."

"So they will; but in prison? In prison? No; the Prussians are not so stupid as that."

"Herr Conrector, what —"

"Eh, Dürten, there is no help for it. On the second feast day I must travel."

"Travel!" cried Dürten, dropping her fork; for in the five years that she had lived with the Herr Conrector she had never heard that word, and no neighbor had ever told her of the Conrector's taking a journey.

"No, Herr," said she, "if Halsband is locked up till the Day of Judgment, I should not think of asking you to take a journey on his account. No, I only thought if there should be a thunder-storm to-day —"

"Eh, what has a thunder-storm to-day to do with my journey. — for I must go to Strelitz a week from Tuesday, — and why do you mix in Halsband with my bread-and-butter and Madeira?"

"Oh, that is it?" said Dürten; and now she told her story without more ado.

"Ah, that is what you meant!" said the Conrector, and then told her that he had been summoned to the last term on the Tuesday in Whitsun week.

So it is, when two persons are looking for each other, and each goes his own way, they will never find each other until it occurs to one of them to stand still. Dürten did so.

"Herr Conrector," said she, "I am very foolish and very wicked also. I have been employing pretences and roundabout ways to persuade you to a good deed; as if that were necessary with a man who is as full of virtue and kindness as a donkey is of gray hairs, and as full of wisdom as a Danish horse, that comes into the house three days before it rains. Herr, I want you to deliver my poor sister and my old father from misfortune; for you see, if it comes out that Halsband has been in prison, and his Highness does not pronounce him free from all blame, they will not take him into the cooper's trade when he is dismissed from his service as runner. And what will become of my poor Stining then? Ah, and she has no idea herself how bad it would be for her!"

She had her hands folded, and looked so sadly and earnestly in the Conrector's eyes, and her own eyes were brimming with tears. "How pretty Dürten looks to-day!" thought the Conrector. "And what a lovely expression on her face!"

"Eh, Dürten," said he, laying his hand upon her folded hands, and pressing them gently, "perhaps we can manage it. When we have a thunder-storm his Highness is always very gracious. He may release Halsband in his graciousness; but to pronounce him free from all blame, — if he does that, he must take the blame on himself, and that is too much to expect from his Highness."

"Yes, but it *was* his own fault. How could the poor man be to blame, because the Broda Pächter took him for a crazy man?"

"Very true, Dürten, very true!" said the Conrector, and he stood up and laid his hand on her head. "Well, we will see what can be done."

Dürten sat still for a moment with folded hands, then rose softly, and, with a deep sigh, left the room.

"Remarkable!" said the Conrector to himself, as he sat in his arm-chair, "very remarkable! She has been here now for five years, and then she was five years younger; but I never, in all that time, saw her look so lovely. Hm, that comes from her looking at me in such a wistful way, — she never had anything to ask of me before, — this time she was only asking for her sister. I believe she could be awfully fond of a person. Hm, hm! I believe there

is something in Dürten; there is something quite peculiar about her."

As the Herr Conrector started for his school he was in a very cheerful mood, and his scholars would have had a good time if Kunst had not met him on the way, and, with a laughing face and a very singular expression, taken off his hat, looked at him from top to toe, and remarked, as if to himself: "So, Tuesday-week in Nigen-Strolitz."

No one must infer that Kunst was a double-distilled rascal, or a quarrelsome fellow who could not get his fill of mischief, and so coveted the gold-headed cane of the Conrector;—oh no! Kunst was only a jester, of the kind of which one may always find one or two in every little town in our region, who carry their jests to extremes, and ride their hobbies till they have broken their backs. Kunst's chief amusement lay in making people anxious and uneasy, and as, on Christmas Eve, the cane had furnished him an opportunity, he mounted his hobby directly, and rode it till it was lame. The Conrector was well acquainted with this characteristic of his brother-in-law, and so long as he himself was not in the game, but only other people, he found nothing remarkable in it, and could even laugh at it when it was not too bad; but now, when it touched himself, he did not see the joke. His brother-in-law's tricks appeared to him the meanest of strategies, and his greeting, this afternoon, like the Satanic smile of the Fiend when he has a poor soul fast in his clutches. His cheerful mood had vanished. In its place, Vexation sat upon his features and twisted his old friendly face till it looked as if the spitefullest of flies were crawling over it during his afternoon nap; and when he reached the porch of the school-house, the picture which met his eyes was not one calculated to restore his good humor.

Pagel Zarnewitz had brought, from home, sausage and pickled goose, and had not shared them with his friend, Karl Bentwisch. He had derided him as a stingy fellow, and from hard words they fell to harder blows, and now Karl Bentwisch lay undermost, and Pagel Zarnewitz was on top, and pounded at Karl Bentwisch's face as if he were fighting for a wager, and Karl Bentwisch had Pagel Zarnewitz's nose and face in both hands, kneading them as a baker's apprentice kneads dough, and crying: "You think you have the tiger; but the tiger has you!"

"And now he has you both!" cried the Conrector; and he pulled them to their feet with a few deserved blows. As he

entered the school-room he had the pleasant surprise of seeing a Roman cavalry fight in full progress, which his beloved pupils had got up in honor of Titus Livius, and probably as a pleasure to himself, and in which they were making as great an uproar as if they had been real Roman knights and real horses. This was, doubtless, a very bright idea on the part of the boys; but for the quiet which is suited to a school-room, and for the pacification of a master who has been annoyed on the street and provoked in the vestibule, it was not so desirable.

The Herr Conrector sat down on his platform, opened his Homer, and when the noise had subsided in some degree, he began, very angrily:

"Now, listen to me, you rascals! I think you intended to give me a representation of the Trojan war, and the battles before the walls of Ilium; and the idea is not a bad one, if you were not too stupid to carry it out. What! Does this scuffling signify the contest for the ships? Then let me tell you, they had no horses there except those before the war-chariots, and if Karl Bentwisch and Pagel Zarnewitz imagine that they are imitating Hector and Achilles, I will only say that these two did not tear each other's jackets and trousers, or scratch each other's faces,—just see how the donkey bleeds!—no, that affair was very differently conducted. You must learn something first, you rogues, and then you can play at being heroes! We have come to that fine passage where Hector bids adieu to his wife Andromache, and she admonishes him; but you are not worthy to read anything so beautiful! Karl Wendt, you rascal, stop your talking, or you shall come and stand here, on my platform, and I'll talk to you. Langnickel, begin!"

Langnickel cleared his throat, and punched his neighbors right and left with his elbows, as if to say: "Help me, boys,—I am in great distress!"

"Come," said the Conrector, "go ahead! *Διψωνε*—what does that mean?"

"Ah, thou monster!" said Langnickel, looking doubtfully at the Conrector to see how he would take it.

"I think you are the monster, yourself. The next, go on!" said the Conrector, indicating Karl Siemssen. "Come, Karl! Yes, that is not an easy word; but what do you call a fellow who can do more than an ordinary man? A d—, a d—, d—"

"A donkey," ventured Karl, in his embarrassment.

"Not exactly. One might say that in

joke, but do you think Hector's wife is in a joking mood here? No, she is scolding him: 'Thou devil of a fellow!' she says, 'bridle thy wrath,' says she. 'Have you no pity for your poor little boy,'—she means her little Astyanax whom she has on her arm,—'and for me, poor wretch,' says she, 'whom you will soon leave a widow! For how long will this last?' she says, 'for the Archaïans will rush upon thee and slay thee, and what shall I have but anguish, when I sit alone, without thee?' she says. Come, I believe I should translate the whole of Homer to you. Go on, Karl Siemssen!" he cried; but just then the door opened, and one of his Highness's lackeys entered, saying:

"Herr Conrector, his Serene Highness wants to know if we shall have a thunder-shower to-day?"

By this time the Conrector's patience was completely exhausted. He turned round stiffly upon the man, and exclaimed:

"Yes; tell his Serene Highness we shall have seven!"

"What,—seven?" asked the lackey, in astonishment, and as he went out of the room, the Conrector called after him:

"Yes, seven! We shall have seven!"

Here I might quote a brave old rhyme:

"Sturgt in Fallen auf die Uhr,
Und zerbricht zwei Reihen Zähne,
Blinder Eifer schadet nur."*

The Herr Conrector was in such blind anger that he forgot Dürten's entreaties, and wanted only to astound his Highness with his seven thunder-storms, so that he might leave him in peace; but he had reckoned without his host. There were really seven thunder-storms that evening, one after another; and through his prophecy and his wonderful knowledge of the weather, he rose so high in the estimation of his Highness that he was sent for in every storm through the summer, and became as necessary to his Highness as his daily bread, and must always sit with him and drive away his terrors, as a rat-catcher drives away rats. So; blind anger does nothing but harm.

The first recitation was over, and the second began; this was translating the *Bucolics* of Virgil. The Herr Conrector had, meanwhile, taken a glance at the weather, and now knew for certain that there was a storm coming up. His scholars looked in his face, and also knew for

certain that there would be a storm; but they could not tell for certain whom it would strike. All were still as mice in the class; each had a secret fear, and was in this respect like a little Serene Highness, Pagel Zarnewitz doubly so, for he had also a horror of work. It was not his custom to prepare himself, and he always relied, in case of distress, upon his friend, Karl Bentwisch, who sat behind him and whispered in his ear. This answered very well, for Pagel had the good fortune to be naturally a stammerer, so it could not be wondered at if his translations came out by jerks, a few drops at a time. But now he had quarrelled with his good angel, and the good angel was a malicious scamp, and when Pagel was called upon to translate, and leaned backward as far as possible,—and that was a good way, for he had been placed in the Conrector's class propter barbam et staturam,—as a signal of distress, it shot through Karl Bentwisch's head that now he could avenge himself finely for his drubbing.

"Come, shall we read a little?" said the Conrector, and Pagel began to stammer:

"Pastores edera crescentam ornate poetam
Arcades, invidia rumpantur et illa Codro."

"Scan it," said the Conrector; "perhaps it will go smoother, then."

So Pagel scanned it. Well, when a stammerer tries to scan, he makes rather sorry work of it. Pagel got through it, but drops of anguish stood on his forehead.

"So, now translate it."

This was worse yet. But Pagel began, and the beginning was easy. "Pastores,—the shepherds; edera,—edere, to eat, ate," went through his head; "the shepherds ate," said he aloud. The Conrector looked up and said: "No, wait a little! Look further!"

"Crescentem, eh, that comes later," thought Pagel; "ornatus—adorned, poetâ—the poet,—with the adorned poet," said he aloud; the Conrector arose from his seat.

Pagel's Latin was now at an end. He stretched as far back as he could, and that rogue of a Karl Bentwisch whispered to him: "the round sausage." "The round sausage," said Pagel, aloud. The Conrector bit his lips, and stared at Pagel, as if he were some strange beast, and he had paid his sixpence for the show.

"Also the savory pickled goose," whispered Karl. "Also the savory pickled goose," said Pagel aloud, and as all the boys began to titter, he became suddenly conscious that he had made some great

* "Stumbled and fell against the clock,
And knocked out two rows of teeth,
Blind anger does nothing but harm."

blunder, and yet! Sausage and pickled goose belonged together, and it was a nice dish. The Conrector laughed too, but it was a peculiar sort of laughter; it seemed to rise in him by fits and starts, and it extended to his right arm, which was raised aloft, book in hand:

"Now, just tell me, you rascal, what word here means pickled goose?"

Well, if the Conrector did not know, certainly Pagel did not; he wrinkled up his forehead, and looked half-defiantly, half-anxiously, at the Conrector, as if he would say: "What more do you want? Pickled goose! Isn't that good enough for you?" And in his thoughts he ran over with the greatest rapidity all the smoked meats he could remember, as if his head were a smoke-house, to find something nicer for the Conrector than pickled goose; but the Conrector's arm grew more threatening, and the storm would certainly have burst upon Pagel, if his Serene Highness had not sent another lackey. He entered the door at this moment.

"Herr Conrector, his Serene Highness bids me say you must come to him; there is a fearful storm coming up."

"Tell his Highness," began the Conrector, angrily, — "to send for his grandmother," he was going to say, but he controlled himself, and said:

"I must finish my school first; then I will go."

So he finished his school, and when he went home in ill-humor, and Dürten said to him, "Herr, Serene Highness has sent," he threw his books down angrily on the table, and said:

"I know it; it appears I am expected to comfort all the old women in Nigen-Bram-borg in their troubles."

"Herr Conrector!" said Dürten, looking at him surprised and timidly, and then letting her head drop.

"What? No, Dürten, no! How could I mean you? You are no old woman; you are a young, capable girl. No, I mean his Highness."

"Ah, Herr, do go to him! My poor Stining —"

"Indeed I will. I have been so vexed by the boys and by Kunst, and that old law-suit sticks in my head, and how it will come out —"

"Herr Conrector, it will come out right. Help me about Halsband, and I will help you through the law-suit. No devil and no Kunst shall harm you. I have made secret inquiries, — I name no names, — Kunst will give it up. Just do as I tell you."

And she talked him into another humor, not by whining compassion, but earnestly and intelligently; and he let her gather up his apparatus, the pitch-and-rosin box and the fox-brush, and all the rest, saying to her:

"Isn't it ludicrous, how I sleep with all this machinery in my room, as if it were some sort of witchcraft, and yet it is a perfectly simple, natural business?"

Dürten would scarcely believe that until the Conrector explained it to her, and showed her some of his experiments, and then she understood very quickly, and did them after him, and the Conrector's old, honest schoolmaster's soul was so rejoiced over his intelligent pupil, that it was only after the lapse of two hours, and with the first thunder clap, that he set out, laughing and joking, for the palace. This time Dürten carried the box and the fox-brush, for now she understood the whole business.

CHAPTER IX.

His Serene Highness in distress. — His Highness as a canary bird in a cage, the Conrector as the magician who has bewitched him. — How the Conrector became angry and talked seriously to his Highness. — How his Highness will hear nothing of Schultsch, but is willing to release the runner. — Mamsell Soltmann throws Stining and Dürten into great anxiety, and is rudely dismissed by Dürten in consequence. — Frau Schultsch comes with joyful news, but does not succeed in telling it. — The Conrector comforts Stining and kisses her. — Dürten dreams of kissing; Baker Schultsch of his Highness, how he dances up to the knees in cross-buns and rolls, and Krischan plays the organ.

MEANWHILE, things had been going on badly at the palace. His Highness wandered through his apartments with as pale a face as if he were the restless ghost of the late Heinrich von Dreieiken; the lackeys stood in corners or against the walls, silent and anxious as the players when Lady Macbeth walks in her sleep and washes her hands; the Kammerjunker von Knüppelsdörp locked, with his own hands, all the doors and windows, and Rand went about on tiptoe, looking as if some one had hit him a blow on the mouth.

"Rand," said his Highness, in a half-whisper, "the smoke attracts the lightning. Are the fires out everywhere?"

"Yes, Serene Highness, only in the kitchen, — we have not had dinner yet."

"We will have no dinner to-day; the fire must be extinguished."

"Yes, Serene Highness; but —" began Rand, who was not inclined to fast, even in a thunder-storm.

"It shall be!" exclaimed his Highness, so forcibly that he was alarmed at himself. "There must be no ringing of the

bells, either; the sound may attract it," he added in a lower tone.

"The sound, Serene Highness?"

"Donkey! I—I only said it *may* attract it!" whispered his Highness, angrily.

"Hm!" said Rand to himself, looking out of the window with one eye; "we are rough now; the storm hasn't got here yet; by-and-bye we shall be much more civil."

"Good heavens!" said his Highness, anxiously, "where can the Conrector be?"

"Eh, what can the Conrector do? He cannot——"

"He shall, though, he can! Take off my shoe-buckles!—Metal attracts it. Is everything ready in my cabinet?"

"Yes," muttered Rand, with his face downward as he loosened the buckles. "We have set up the whole contrivance there, and Hartwig, the joiner, says it looks like a bird-cage."

"Good heavens! where—do you hear? do you hear?—there it is already!—where can the Conrector be? I will go to my cabinet. Send for the Conrector! But don't run so—don't run so! It will draw the lightning. Ach, Du lieber Gott!" said he, really sick with fear, "and I am talking so loud!"

The lackey met the Conrector in the market-place. By his Highness's directions the door was opened for him, just a crack, that no draught might enter, and the Conrector squeezed in with his fox-brush and the rest of his apparatus. He was conducted to his Highness's cabinet, and there he saw something which, at first, quite upset his gravity. He stood stock still in the door for a moment, looking into the cabinet; but suddenly he burst into a strange, loud laughter. "What the devil is this? Don't be offended, Serene Highness, don't be offended; but what is this?"

And Rand laughed too, and said:

"Yes, you may well ask!"

I am not sure but that I too should have forgotten all respect, if I had seen what the Conrector saw. In the middle of the room was a platform supported by bottle-necks, and upon it a sort of summer-house composed entirely of windows, reaching to the floor and surmounted by a canopy of light-blue silk, like an umbrella for sixteen people, and in this contrivance was seated his distressed Highness, upon an arm-chair, in a yellow silk dressing-gown, with a green silk night-cap on his head, and shoes on his feet that were lacquered with red sealing-wax. He looked, for all the world, like a fine canary bird with a green cap, which one has put into a cage that he may sing; and he might

have begun to sing now, if he had only been in a better humor. As it was, he would have sung the Conrector a fine song to pay for his laughter,—and he had already a rod in pickle for him, on account of his contemplated marriage with the Soltmann or Dürten Holzen, or some other pleasant Nigen-Bramborg lady,—if a sudden flash had not interrupted the ducal song.

"What a stupid——" he began; then came the lightning, and he clapped a silk handkerchief to his eyes. "Ach, Du lieber Gott!" and he peeped out from behind the handkerchief and listened to the thunder, and when it came he stopped his ears, and cried again: "Ach, Du lieber Gott!"

The Conrector had stopped laughing, and was looking at the bird-cage on all sides, and his Highness regarded him very anxiously, and at last inquired:

"Well, what do you think? Will it answer? Glass, silk,"—and he raised his foot,— "and here is sealing-wax, too; and nothing made of metal inside."

"Yes," said the Conrector, "it ought to answer, Serene Highness; you have done what man can do; but—don't be offended—the golden ducal coronet on the back of the chair in which you are sitting,—you have forgotten that."

"Didn't I say so? Didn't I say so? Rand, you donkey! Ach, Du lieber Gott!"—for there was another flash of lightning. "Blockhead! bring another chair. I want no ducal honors, for in such a storm as this, I am like an ordinary man. Ach, Du lieber Gott!"—and he stopped his ears from the thunder, "Isn't it so, Conrector?"

The Conrector said, he believed it was; but the chair with the coronet might remain; the coronet could be covered up for the time being, with a silken cloth. And as this was done, he had some singular reflections how, in a similar manner, the shining, golden ducal honor concealed itself, and drew humbly aside, before God's words of thunder.

"Rand, go out and look at the weather!" commanded his Highness.

Rand did so, and returned, saying:

"This one is gone by; but there is another coming up, and it looks very dangerous."

"Rand, bring a chair into my weather-temple, for the Conrector."

"Oh, Serene Highness," said the Conrector, "that is not necessary."

"Yet, it is necessary—it is necessary for me; but you cannot come in so, you would attract the lightning. Rand, bring

another silk dressing-gown and night-cap, and the red lacquered shoes!"

The Conrector might excuse himself as he pleased, it did no good, and presently he stood there in a black night-cap and fiery-red dressing-gown and shoes; and he looked like a magician of the old times, who had bewitched an unfortunate prince into a canary bird, and shut him up in a glass cage; and it looked as if he might sit there forever, unless some beautiful fairy should release him with a sweet kiss on his bill. But his Highness had a frightful horror of kissing, and beautiful fairy there was none; for Rand, the only person present besides the magician, could not possibly have been mistaken for a beautiful fairy.

When the old magician was seated by his enchanted victim, his Highness sent Rand away, for fear the perspiration of so many people might attract the lightning, but ordered him to put his head in at the door occasionally, and report the state of the weather. And Rand was very glad to be dismissed, for now he could run over

to Schultz the baker's, and drink strong beer.

"What do you think, Conrector,—is this really safe?" asked his Highness.

"Yes, so far as I understand——"

"But is it *entirely* safe?"

"Yes, Serene Highness, what man can do is done; but what are human contrivances against the will of God?"

"That is just what I say!" cried his Highness. "Those stupid fellows, the joiner and the glazier, should have made it quite round, and they have made it with corners; corners always attract."

"Do not blame the people! If the Lord pleased, he could destroy all Bramborg in a moment. Remember Sodom and Gomorrah!"

"Ach, Du lieber Gott! Yes, I know, I——"

Here Rand stuck his head in at the door.

"It is coming up again, and Baker Schultsch says——"

"Blockhead! I will not hear what the impertinent woman says."

Rand retired.

THE VOLCANO OF MOKUAWEOWEO.—This mountain, which we believe is in Hawaii, has lately been in a magnificent condition of explosive activity. A writer in the "Pacific Commercial Advertiser" thus describes his observations, which, for lack of better ones—though they are exceedingly graphic—we give our readers. On ascending the mountain he watched steadily the grand fountain playing before him, and called frequently to his companions to note when some tall jet, rising far above the head of the main stream, would carry with it immense masses of white-hot glowing rock, which, as they fell and struck upon the black surface of the cooling lava, burst like meteors in a summer sky. As soon as he had reached the summit level of the mountain, he heard the muffled roar of the long pent-up gases as they rushed out of the opening which their force had rent in the basin's solid bed. And now that he was in full view of the grand display, his ears were filled with the mighty sound as of a heavy surf booming in upon a level shore, while ever and anon a mingled crash and break of sound would call to mind the heavy rush of ponderous waves against the rocky cliffs that girt Hawaii. At night the jet looked loftier, and gazing intently into the fiery column with a good glass that he had, he could see the limpid sparkling upward jet rising with tremendous force from out an incandescent lake. Following up the glowing stream, he saw

it arch itself and pour over as it were in one broad beautiful cascade. While the ascending stream was almost silvery in its intense brightness, the falling sheet was slightly dulled by cooling, and thus the two were ever rising, falling, shooting up in brilliant jets, and showering down with mingled dashes of bright light and shooting spray, while in the lake out of which rose the fountain, and into which fell the fiery masses, danced and played a thousand mimic waves, and fiery foam swirled round and round. Upon its surface danced myriad jets and bubbles, and from its edge flowed out the rivulets of lava, that in a tangled maze of lines covered all the lake.

Popular Science Review.

At some future time the book containing the names of those inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine who have now formerly proclaimed their wish to remain French subjects will possess a certain historical, or at least genealogical interest. The list, which by the terms of the treaty should already have been presented to the German Government, is said to comprise 380,000 names. The *Patrie* states that 125 composers have been employed on the work during the last three months, that it is being printed on seven presses, and that it will form a volume of 13,163 pages.

Pall Mall.

From The British Quarterly Review.

THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER AND THE
POLICY OF RUSSIA.*

THE autocrat of nearly eighty million of able-bodied subjects, alike docile and brave, who has also something like one-seventh of the territorial earth at his command, would, under any circumstances, be an object of serious consideration. But when such an autocrat has spent seventeen years in civilizing his peasantry, in constructing railroads, and in bringing his armies to the European standard of perfection, he becomes quite a *Deus ex machina* to his neighbours; especially when these neighbours are weakened by colossal war, and have to maintain distracting political and religious struggles. The central figure of the recent Berlin conference seemed to the vast majority of people to be Prince Bismarck, or the Emperor Friedrich Wilhelm; but in reality they occupied but a secondary position, inasmuch as they were utterly unable to undertake any important steps in European politics without the sanction of the nephew of the German Emperor. While Francis Joseph and Count Andrassy have first to think of what the various nationalities of the Austro-Hungarian Empire would be likely to say to any given plan of action; and while Friedrich Wilhelm and Prince Bismarck are, to a certain extent at least, compelled to consider the views prevailing in their docile Parliament, and in the nation, which has just lost some 120,000 of its best men, while some 50,000 more have been made invalids for life, no consideration of this sort can seriously affect the mind of Alexander. What he may wish to-day the whole of his vast Empire can be made to wish to-morrow. And on that account alone he is incomparably stronger than either of his Imperial neighbours; nay, perhaps stronger than both of them taken together. This is known perfectly well at Berlin, as well as at Vienna and St. Petersburg, and consequently, while Prince Bismarck will have always full liberty to propose whatever he

likes, he will get only that which the Czar may think it to his advantage to permit, and not an inch more. Under such circumstances, the person of Alexander becomes much more interesting than it would otherwise have been, since nearly all we shall have to see of European affairs, and perhaps a good deal of what we shall have to bear, will, to a certain extent, depend upon his individual disposition. Let us, therefore, see what sort of man he is, and what are his precedents.

Alexander was born in April, 1818, and is now in his fifty-fifth year, although from his appearance one would scarcely judge him to be more than forty-five. When he was born, no one, probably, expected that he would be called one day to sit upon the throne of Russia, his father being but the third son of the murdered Czar, Paul I. But it soon became evident that this would be the case, inasmuch as Alexander the First (the Blessed, as he is usually called by the religious folk) remained childless, and his childless brother Constantine, then Viceroy of Poland, did not show any disposition to assume the troublesome duties of a sovereign of an unsettled and disturbed Empire, which had scarcely begun to recover from an invasion and a subsequent war abroad. He enjoyed at Warsaw all the advantages of wealth, pleasure, and love, as well as regal honours, and did not see the benefit of exchanging all these for a precarious throne at Petersburg—for very precarious it was then, and only an iron hand like that of Nicholas could have rendered it safe. Consequently, the more Alexander the First's delicate constitution yielded to the influence of the fatal melancholy which took possession of him almost immediately after his victorious return from Paris, where he was the chief agent in the Bourbon restoration, the more it became evident that Nicholas would be the likely and fit person to succeed him. He was known to be a man of strong will, he was married (his wife being the sister of the present Emperor of Germany, and a daughter of Friedrich Wilhelm III.), and he had already a son and a couple of daughters, securing to him an undisturbed succession. Thus, when one frosty winter morning of 1825, a courier arrived from Taganrog with the news of the sudden death of Alexander, who was supposed to have taken poison in a fit of melancholy, Nicholas, who was left as Lieutenant of the Czar of Petersburg, found himself practically the master of the situation; and a formal abdication on the part of Constantine, already lodged among the secret

* (1.) *The War with Turkey, and the breaking off of our Relations with the Western Powers in 1853 and 1854*. By General KOVALEVSKY. Russian Edition. St. Petersburg, 1858.

(2.) *Opinions on the Eastern Question*. By General FADDEEV. Translated by T. MITCHELL, Secretary to her Majesty's Embassy and Consul at St. Petersburg. London: Edward Stanford. 1871.

(3.) *Notes on the Central Asian Question*. By General ROMANOVSKY. Russian Edition. St. Petersburg, 1868.

(4.) *Some Personal Recollections of Alexander Nicholasewitch, the Grand Duke Hereditary*. An unpublished MS.

State papers, made Nicholas legally the successor to his brother. A revolt broke out on the 14th of December, 1825, among several regiments of the guards, who refused to take the oath of allegiance; but Nicholas drowned their opposition in blood, hanged a good many of their leaders, exiled a still greater number to Siberia, and began that reign of thirty years which the defeat in the Crimea of his forces and his plans brought to an abrupt end. Nicholas literally died of vexation at seeing to what results his brutal, despotic, and soldierlike system had brought the Empire.

The young heir apparent, as well as the nation, had to endure the unbearable temper of his father. Popular rumour says that Nicholas often whipped his children with his own hand, and the mild nature of his eldest son seems to have been the chief object of his anger. He treated him as a Liberal or Freethinker, utterly unfit for the part which was reserved to him, and it is said that on his death-bed, a few moments before closing his mouth for ever, the great despot whispered pitifully, something about "poor constitutional Emperor."

Up to the year 1835, that is to say, for nearly thirty-seven years of his life, Alexander had no political importance of any sort, either to himself or to his country. He was an aide-de-camp of the Emperor and nothing else, highly sympathetic to all who had anything to do with him, but devoid of any influence whatever upon his father. At six years of age he was, in his mother's arms, exposed on the balcony of the Palace to the balls of revolted regiments, and he the next morning found himself heir apparent to the throne of the greatest empire in the world. As if with a view to show him what his tastes and inclinations should be, Nicholas at once nominated the child head-ataman of Cossacks, or in other words, chieftain of the most savage tribes of a half-savage country. From the age of ten his training and education were entrusted to a set of the most stern disciplinarians that could be found among the officers of the guards—General Zinovieff, his head tutor, remaining an object of terror for Alexander even after he had become a grown-up and married man. The only honest person among those surrounding the unlucky child was the geographer Arsenieff, his teacher in nearly all "civil subjects," a man of highly cultivated mind, who exercised but for a short time any influence on the Grand Duke, having been soon set aside as a Liberal, and left to die almost in poverty. Yet Alexander was growing just at the

time when the greatest poets and writers of Russia, like Poushkin, Lermontoff, and Gogol, were in their prime, and were all banished in distant provinces, in order to prevent the poisonous influence of their liberalism and culture from reaching not only the Palace, but even the capital itself. At the age of twenty-three, Alexander was married to the Grand Duchess Mary of Hesse-Darmstadt, daughter of the Grand Duke Louis II., then a remarkably pretty girl of 17, but now a thorough invalid, quite estranged from her people, residing the greater part of the year at the Palace of Livadia, on the eastern coast of the Crimea, the climate of that place apparently being the only one in which it is possible for her still to breathe. It was not until he had passed his thirtieth year that Alexander was allowed to take any important part in public life. Until that period he was a young man dressed in a colonel's uniform, and following his father as his first aide-de-camp, wherever he went, at home or abroad, in the day-time, or at night, to see a fire, or to review a regiment. He had not even a house of his own, but lived with his wife, children, and household, under the same roof with his father and master. The death of his uncle, the Grand Duke Michael (fourth son of the Emperor Paul), produced some changes in the heir apparent's position. Some of the posts occupied by that rare specimen of brutality having been vacated by his death, were entrusted to Alexander, and among these was the superintendence of all the military colleges, in which he displayed a most beneficial activity. The changes which his mild nature introduced in the manner of treatment and training of the cadets, when compared with Michael's *régime*, were so great that a good many people became quite alarmed lest discipline should completely break down in the army. This was, however, not the case, and Alexander became at once the object of worship among the younger generation of military men. We may as well advert here to a fact, which though very trifling, shows the kind of relations which the present Czar in his younger years established between himself and all those with whom he was brought into contact.

The Russian cadets have a great weakness for smoking, and smoking was held in such abhorrence by Nicholas, that—as many an English traveller in Russia will still remember—any person, whatever his age and rank, was arrested by the police, if found smoking in the streets. Alexander, who was exceedingly fond of

cigarettes, hid himself from his father all his life long, when he wanted to have a smoke. Disregarding all the penalties, however, the cadets managed to smoke in their schools, and in one of them Alexander arrived one day at a moment when the rooms were full of tobacco smoke. He did not seem to notice, however, what but a couple of years before would have been regarded as a crime very nearly approaching high treason, and went quietly on with his inspection, when an alarm was suddenly raised, that the Emperor had arrived in the school's courtyard. Alexander suddenly turned to the boys who followed him, and said, "It smells of tobacco here very strongly; open quickly the windows; I will go down stairs and detain the Emperor for a while." And so he did; the Emperor noticed nothing, and the Grand Duke Alexander became more than ever the idol of young men who are old officers now, but from whose memory the story seems not to have departed; at all events, the writer has had it repeated to him several times.

The sympathies which Alexander evoked towards himself in those early years, by those little kindnesses, were one of the elements of his subsequent success. When he began his reforms, though all the old nobility rose against him, none of them dared attempt anything against a sovereign so strong with the young generation, both in the army and outside of it. It is well known that only a few representatives of the Romanoff dynasty have died a natural death. Regicide was quite a matter of course up to the beginning of this century. It was always the work of the nobility and courtiers, and keeping in view the blows Alexander inflicted on both by the abolition of serfdom only, not to speak of other reforms, it becomes quite a matter for astonishment that he has hitherto escaped the fate of so many of his predecessors.

It must be said, however, that one of the strongest points of Alexander's character is his capacity of remaining apparently quite unconcerned when he is performing his greater achievements of home or foreign policy. He stays in his capital less than any of his predecessors. Journeys to the Crimea, to the Caucasus, are to him pleasure trips, without which he seems unable to pass a few months. Friendly dinners with some of the companions of his youth, bear hunting, shooting, and theatrical entertainments, are his habitual pastimes when he is at Petersburg, or at any of its summer palaces.

He wins every one by his *bonhomie*. His father, so celebrated for the almost Spartan sobriety and plainness of his living in all respects, except his licentiousness, used to ridicule and persecute his son's weakness for shooting and luxurious living.

The slightest, most imperceptible breach of regulation in military uniform by an officer, often led to cashiering under Nicholas; while almost the first thing Alexander did on ascending the throne was to allow smoking everywhere, and to make the military dress as comfortable and easy as possible. Nicholas used to interfere with the smallest detail of every law or rule to be introduced, and even the working of existing laws was not left alone by him. The humblest civil or military officer wishing to marry was bound to write a petition to his Majesty; the smallest sentence of a provincial tribune had to be submitted to his approval; and the grand master of the police was daily to report, in person, every trifling accident or fire that took place in the city. Alexander put an end to almost all these absurdities as soon as the necessary show of reverence to the memory of his father in any way allowed it. He initiated the greatest reform with more quickness and ease than his father showed in dismissing a second-rate official. When he had made up his mind to introduce a reform of any sort, he wrote, or rather ordered to be written (for in respect of writing father and son were equally unskilful), a kind of manifesto, appointing a special committee for the purpose of studying the question, and seemed to care no more about the matter. The committee, usually composed of an equal number of representatives of the new and the old *régime*, sat for months and months until they arrived at the conclusions which suited him. They were locked up like a jury, until they agreed to recommend or formulate his own suggestion. If they quarrelled too much, he would simply send them an order to be quicker, or would fix a date by which the work was to be completed. He would listen just as patiently to all arguments of the old Nicholas party, as to those of the more liberal school of new statesmen; but he would never give up the main point, notwithstanding all the fearful prospects of revolution which the retrogrades used to point out to him. When he really saw, as in the case of Poland, or of radical conspiracies, that some little danger was to be apprehended, he would for a short time assume an apparently more Nicholas-like attitude; but in

a few months the work was again resumed, and the reform carried out all the same. Having no Parliament, and being deprived of the services of openly-expressed public opinion, he managed to get nearly everything that institutions of that kind usually give to a sovereign, and, perhaps, even more, for nothing was lost or misrepresented by party struggles. He had, of course, nothing to invent, the ideas of all his reforms having been long since thoroughly elaborated in Europe. Consequently, taking a given principle of legislation, he had only to order its adaptation to the conditions of his country. There could be no discussion whether trial by jury was a good thing, or serfdom a bad institution. All that was wanted, since he had made up his mind in favour of a principle established abroad, was to Russify it, so to speak, and he could therefore quietly go on with his dinners, shootings, and travellings, when he had once appointed a commission in which the new and the old interests were pretty equally represented. It is scarcely probable that, as a man, he would ever have proved capable of the doings of a Peter the Great, or a Catherine the Great. He has, probably, neither the genius nor the strength of will of either of those sovereigns. But it is almost just as certain that neither of those two sovereigns would have answered so well as he the requirement of the time. They would, probably, have attempted to do everything themselves, and would never have been able to realize the half of what he has done by merely ordering a thing, and quietly waiting until it is properly worked out by a little special parliament elected for the special occasion; meanwhile enjoying himself as best he could, or indulging in those occasional fits of melancholy in which he seems to resemble his uncle Alexander, and which lead people to apprehend a fatal softening of his brain.

In matters of foreign politics, the course of Russia during the present reign has been almost as much attributed to Prince Gortschakoff as the success of Prussia was attributed to Bismarck, or that of Italy to Cavour. But if we judge by the skill in home diplomacy which Alexander has always displayed, we shall be scarcely justified in attributing to him the somewhat indifferent parts which Friedrich Wilhelm and Victor Emmanuel have undoubtedly played. The celebrated policy of *recueillement* after the Crimean war, followed by the stern disregard of every one at the time of the Polish insurrection, looks much

more like the act of a man of Alexander's type than that of a shrewd and highly polished, but sanguine and nervous diplomatist of Prince Gortschakoff's stamp. The revision of the Black Sea treaty was perhaps more the Chancellor's idea, and it was undoubtedly his work, as also were the celebrated notes on the Polish question. But by the creation of the Black Sea Navigation Company, and the payment to it of fabulous subsidies since the close of the Crimean war, the Emperor, otherwise little interfering with commercial affairs, has shown a firm intention quietly to regain his power in the South. At all events, the tact which he displays in managing individuals around him would fairly imply an equal ability in transactions with those a little more distant. We have no reason to believe that a man who has been so skilful in subduing all his opponents at home, beginning with his own brother Constantine, and ending with factotums of his father, like the old General Ignatieff (whose son is now carrying out Alexander's plans at Constantinople), would be unable to determine for himself the proper way of dealing with Lord Russell, Earl Granville, Prince Bismarck, or any other European statesman. Prince Gortschakoff probably does not influence Alexander's resolution in matters of foreign policy more than the celebrated Rostowzeff did in the matter of the emancipation of the serfs, or than Valoueff did in a series of minor internal reforms. Rostowzeff died long before his work was finished, without in any way causing it to go on less rapidly or persistently on that account. Valoueff was dismissed several years ago, and reforms have not diminished since. The same thing might have happened with the foreign policy of Russia. The finish of its details, and the skill and clever arrogance of its despatches, reveal the hand of the celebrated Chancellor; but there is great reason to believe the apparently lazy and comfort-loving Czar has at all times had much to do with the main ideas involved in it; and the supposition would be a mistaken one that the festivities, compliments, or military reviews at Berlin have been able to divert him from any of the ideas which he is apparently so slow in generating, but which take so firm a possession of his head when they once got inside of it.

Happily for Russia, as well as for Europe, the present Czar has not inherited any of the unpleasant characteristics of his father. He is a despot no doubt, but an exceedingly good-natured one. The

high-handed treatment of Poland will be the only stain upon his reign, and even that stain must be attributed more to the miserable influence of his surroundings than to his personal disposition. He was just beginning to introduce various liberal reforms into Russia when the Polish insurrection broke out. The retrograde party, full of anger against him, but not daring openly to show that anger, attempted to frighten him by saying that the outbreak in Poland was only the beginning of an outbreak in Russia, and that in neither of those countries were the people in such a state as to admit of any change of administration from the manner in which they had been governed under his father. This was the chief reason why Alexander treated unhappy Poland so mercilessly. He wanted to give a warning to his Russian provinces. In addition to this must not be forgotten the influence of the traditional policy of the Romanoffs with regard to the Polish nation, and the intense personal dislike Alexander seems always to have felt towards Poles and Jews. It is true, also, that during his reign, blood has been profusely shed in the Caucasus and in Central Asia; but this was not war to his mind; it was mere suppression of rebellion, and a subjection of wild tribes troubling the peaceful population of the distant frontiers of his empire. The Czar has sent troops to Poland, the Caucasus, or Bokhara, much in the same matter-of-course fashion as our own Government would send additional policemen to a town disturbed by Mr. Murphy's preachings, or might order a couple of regiments to Belfast, pending the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne. Up to the present moment, war, conquest, invasion, in the proper sense of those words, seem never to have crossed the mind of Alexander. Even the weakness for playing at soldiers, which has always been so obvious in the Romanoff dynasty, and which might have been increased by the admixture of Hohenzollern blood in the veins of its contemporary representatives, is by no means pre-eminent in him. It is true that he is constantly holding military reviews, and is never to be seen by his subjects otherwise than in military garb; but there is something intensely civilian about him even when he is galloping on horseback, in a Cozack's or hussar's uniform, along the front of an army several corps strong. Every inch of his father was a stiff, brutal, cuirassier sergeant-major. Every inch of Alexander is a well-bred nobleman, very rich, very good-

natured, affectionate to his children, fond of a good dinner, of shooting and hunting, and of making every one comfortable, as long as he is permitted the pleasure of feeling that he is doing it voluntarily. He has had plenty of opportunities for giving wind to his warlike spirit if he had it and wished to do so. But he was never seen either in Asia, or in Hungary in 1849, or on the Danube and in the Crimea in 1854 and 1855. The only time he took an actual part in a war was some twenty-five years ago, on the Caucasus, where he was sent for a few weeks, by his father, "to smell powder," where he behaved very bravely under the bullets of the Tscherkesses, and where he gained the highest military distinction of a subaltern officer in Russia—the little white cross of St. George. Since that time, as well as prior to it, all the wars he has been personally engaged in were of that harmless and peaceful autumnal character which, under the auspices of Mr. Cardwell, have been so much encouraged in this country for the last two years.

The notions prevailing in England concerning the traditional policy of Russia with reference to Asia and Turkey may cause the reader to think that we are drawing here too peaceful a picture of Czar Alexander. But we would by no means commit ourselves to saying that, should circumstances favour him, Alexander would not be prepared for the occupation of Constantinople, or for the opening of a military high road to India. All we wish to point out is, that *up to the present*, this sovereign, who is already somewhat advanced in age, and has held power for nearly twenty years, has never shown any craving for conquest or military glory. His whole being has seemed always to be that of a philanthropic-despotic statesman, blended with a *bon vivant*, and a good family father; but he has never given evidence of the slightest disposition of a rapacious soldier, or of an ambitious general. The final conquest of the Caucasus by Alexander's most intimate personal friend, Prince Bariatinsky, was merely the natural issue of a struggle which began long before Alexander was born; while his conquests in Central Asia were made—however strange such a statement may seem—almost in spite of him. As we shall show it presently, Alexander has affirmed unceasingly that he wanted only to secure a safe journey for Russian caravans on their way to Bokhara and Khiva, and to "punish" the savage tribes attacking such caravans. But whenever a protecting and chastising expedition

of that sort has been sent out, its general and officers, anxious to distinguish themselves, have gone on making conquests on their own account; and Alexander has dismissed several of them for having made "too many conquests." So little, indeed, has he seemed ever to have cared for new annexations of territory, that murmurs on the part of a good many of his subjects were often to be heard against his indifference in such matters, and every Russian patriot was equally puzzled at seeing how little the Czar thought of the plot of territory he had to lose on the Danube at the close of the Crimean war, and at reading a few years ago the startling and unexpected order to sell the Russian possessions in America.

But while granting all this, we must not overlook the fact, that hitherto circumstances have to a considerable extent contributed towards the pacific character of the policy of Alexander. The disasters brought upon the throne which he inherited in 1855 naturally implied long years of what has been so appropriately called by Prince Gortschakoff a *recueillement*. Everything had to be reformed, from a worthless army, and a corrupt administration of justice, to ruined finances, and an ignorant bureaucracy. The position of Russia then was incomparably worse than the position of France is now, for France is rich, well cultivated, comparatively small in the extent of her territory, and is covered with railways; while Russia had only paper for money, no manufactures, scarcely any agriculture, no railways, and scarcely any practicable roads, over a territory of some eight millions of square miles. The task the new Czar had before him was not only a hard but a gigantic one; and revenge upon Europe, or any idea of regular conquests or wars, was, of course, quite out of the question, except in that incidental way in which they were carried on in Asia and the Caucasus, where an army of a few thousand savages, recruited mainly on the very spot where war was to be carried on, was for many years fighting, disciplining, and civilizing fifty times that amount of still more savage savages. Alexander did only what circumstances forced him to do. He set to at the peaceful work of reforms, and carried them on with a skill, tact, and above all with an ease, which have not yet been sufficiently appreciated, but which will some day excite the wonder of those who are able to grasp the magnitude of the task performed within the short period of seventeen years, and which can find its explanation only in the

wonderful aptitudes and capacities of the Russian race, and in the endless wealth of the Russian soil. In less than twenty years an amount of work has been performed, corresponding to what has taken a century in other countries. Go to any large Russian town you like, and you will find a railroad ready to carry you to and fro, or about to be ready to do so; a jury sitting to try the criminal, who was but a few years ago at the mercy of a corrupted official; a municipal council discussing its local budget; and a copy of the translations of Buckle, Darwin, Herbert Spencer, J. S. Mill, Tyndall, or Huxley, on the table of nearly every man of the very class which, before the Crimean war, was occupied only in hunting, drinking bad champagne, and flogging the serfs to death.

The usual difficulty for highly-gifted races, when about to emerge from a primitive to a civilized state of life, is to find a ruler capable of giving them the first start, *donner le branle*, as French people say. When so much has been done, the monstrous block rolls of itself with a celerity which surprises everybody, and seriously frightens the man who initiated the movement, and which sometimes far exceeds all limits of reasonable speed. So it is with Russia. In 1856 the first reforms began, and in 1861 elements of ultra-radical revolution were already fermenting in nearly all towns in which a university or a first-class public school were to be found. Immediately upon that followed the Polish insurrection, which, together with the Russian disturbances, naturally increased the amount of work the Government had on hand, and rendered it still more imperative for Alexander to give up all concern with foreign affairs. Then followed the death of the heir apparent just as he came of age, and was about to share the labour of his father, having been as carefully educated as any contemporary prince in Europe. High praise must be given here to the Empress Maria, who, notwithstanding her strong tendency to bigotry (all the more strange in her that the Greek religion is not her own, but one imposed upon her by the law of the country), took always the greatest care that her children should be educated as nearly up to the requirements of the age as was in any way compatible with their position as members of a reigning family. The late heir apparent, instead of having, like his father, stupid generals to train him, had all the best and most liberal professors of the university among his teachers; and the death of the young prince was not only a grief to Al-

exander Romanoff, but a positive practical loss to the Empire of Russia. The second son, quite unprepared for the position into which he was thus brought, had now to be educated and trained for it; the awkward task of marrying him to the bride of his brother was to be gone through; and the health of the Empress, which was never restored after the death of her son, was causing just then very serious apprehensions. It took Alexander about two years to get over all these family sorrows and difficulties, so that he scarcely heard the distant reports of the guns of Sadowa. Otherwise, if we are to believe that he is invariably stretching his hand towards the Slavonian countries, he might have then found an opportunity of advantageously mixing himself up with the affairs of Europe. Then came the two attempts upon his life, of which one at least, that of Petersburg, must have only still more impressed him with the necessity of concentrating his attention upon home affairs. So that practically it has been only during these last five years that he has had a more quiet time; and we must, of course, take this fact into account when estimating the personal character of a despotic and irresponsible sovereign, and trying to make out what sort of indication it offers as to his probable future political activity. As soon as he got a little rest, and saw an opportunity of regaining his power in the Black Sea without a chance of entangling himself in a war, he at once took full advantage of it, and this with all the skill, ease, simplicity, and thoroughness which characterize almost all the doings of his reign.

Briefly stated, there are two points in European politics which are supposed to be subjects of the constant pre-occupation and aim of the Czar, and to represent the alpha and omega of Russian diplomacy. These points are Constantinople and the Slaves of Austria. That a hold upon the capital of the Sultan is a traditional aspiration of the court of St. Petersburg there cannot be the slightest doubt. Destruction of Poland, weakening of Austria, and resurrection of the Byzantine Empire are, rightly or wrongly, considered by nine out of ten educated Russians to be the fundamental interests of Russian policy. But to conclude from this that it is the present Emperor's desire to annex the Austrian Slaves to his Empire is more than rash. We would venture to assert that neither Alexander nor his successor, if he be an intelligent sovereign, would take the Austrian Slaves if they were offered to him

on the part of all the European governments united; and we would venture to do so on the following considerations:—Panslavism has never been, and will never be, favourably looked upon by the Russian Government, for, besides being very troublesome in itself, it has the weak point of easily producing other *isms*, like Germanism, Finlandism, and perhaps even Tartarism. Among the eighty millions of subjects of the Czar there are scarcely twenty-five millions of Russians, and even they, strictly speaking, are not Slaves at all, but a mixture of Finns and Tartars. If the Government were to hoist to-day a Slave flag, it would see to-morrow a German flag on the Baltic, a Polish flag in Warsaw, some separatist piece of calico in Finland, and by-and-by similar ones in the lands of the Tartars, the Georgians, the Armenians, the Kirghizes, and other tribes able to trace the existence of an independent khan or prince in their past history. The conquest of Constantinople would lose all justification, for the Turks have certainly as good a right to claim an independent national existence as any people in the world. Of all this the diplomacy of Petersburg is perfectly aware. But for many other reasons it does not care for the Austrian Slaves. The so-called Slaves are a very heterogeneous people, constantly quarrelling among themselves. They have become accustomed to the representative form of government in Austria, and would expect to have it still more developed—an expectation which the Czar is by no means likely to favour. Each tribe among them claims autonomy for itself, and this would clash with autocracy. They are poor, lazy, and unskilful in industry, and the Czar has quite enough of similar characters among his own folk. In fact, the only advantage their acquisition would present to him is that Austria would be weakened *pro tanto*. But she is just as much, if not more, weakened while the Slaves are kept in a permanent state of fermentation. Never did the Czar himself, or any of the high officials, commit themselves in any direct way towards the Slaves, and they never will. But they allow literary men to write what they like on the subject of “the great future of the Slavonians;” they allow private ethnographic exhibitions to take place at Moscow, and “Slavonian brothers” to be invited by hundreds; they do not mind a monster concert of “Slavonic music” now and then. But they will not go an inch beyond that, and they would put a speedy stop even to these innocuous things if they

saw that such private contributions to politics were in any way detrimental to the preservation of peace or order in Russia. Up to the present moment, however, Pan-slavist sport among Russian subjects has proved only beneficial. It troubled Austria; it gave occupation to many a patriot who would, perhaps, otherwise indulge in home politics; it gave also some occupation to the Grand Duke Constantine, a clever and fidgety man, strongly inclined to take the lead of the opposition and who has here a nice opportunity of harmlessly using his hours of leisure, and satisfying his tastes for unofficial politics. In all these respects the so-called Pan-slavist agitation was an advantage to the Czar's Government, and it has made some use of it. But it has never taken anything like an active part in it, never in any way committed itself; officially it has always ignored Pan-slavism, and has hardly spent a single rouble on any of those emissaries who are believed to be swarming all over the Slavonian provinces of Austria; these are, all of them, voluntary contributors to Pan-slavism. As to Alexander himself, he never saw any of the Slavonian countries, except from the window of a railway carriage, hardly ever spoke to any of the Slavonian patriots, and certainly never paid them any compliments or showed them any attention.

What we venture to assert here with reference to the Slavonian policy of Russia is matter of fact, more or less easily to be verified. Everything we could say on the Eastern question, on the other hand, would be a matter of conjecture. All that is known on this point is so vague and incoherent as to preclude all reasonable conclusion. A testament of Peter the Great on the policy Russia is bound to pursue in the East is supposed to exist, but no one has seen this document; and even if it really exists, the suggestions of the clever despot must be utterly impracticable now. A more positive fact, though one almost equally remote, is the alliance concluded in 1783 between Catherine II. of Russia and Joseph II. of Austria, for the conquest and partition of Turkey. Austria was to get the whole of Serbia and Bosnia for her promise to assist the restoration of the Byzantine Empire. But twenty years later, when the Servians rose like one man and showed what they were capable of, and when war was raging all over Europe, the alliance broke down. An Austrian archduchess, becoming the wife of Napoleon, finally showed to the descendants of Catherine that their interests in the East, far

from being identical with those of Austria, were diametrically opposed. Things have never changed since. In 1827, when Nicholas attacked Turkey, only the friendship of Charles X. of France, and intimate family relations to the Court of Berlin, saved him from a formidable European alliance, headed by Austria. In 1853 the same thing came up again, and General Fадеев, the well-known writer on the military affairs of Russia and on the Eastern question, avows quite plainly what the position of his fatherland is with regard to any possible plan the Government may entertain with reference to Turkey:

"It is impossible for Russia to carry on a war on the Balkan peninsula without the permission of Austria, and that permission she can, under no circumstances, obtain. Look at the map. Russia can reach European Turkey only by one road — through the gate formed by the south-east angle of the Carpathians and the mouth of the Danube: the key of that gate is in the hands of Austria. By crossing the Danube, or even the Pruth, a Russian army would expose its rear to Austria. In this awkward position, the first threatening demonstration on the part of Austria would compel the army to beat a hasty retreat, as in 1854. The lower Danube is accessible only with an Austrian passport. In relation to Russia, the geographical position of European Turkey may be compared to a strong chest, of which Austria forms the lid; without lifting that lid it is impossible to get anything out of the chest. Russia has had sufficient experience of that. . . . It was rumoured in 1854 that Prince Paskevitch strongly represented to the late Emperor that, once resolved on a war with Turkey, it was necessary, above all, to prepare for a war with Austria. He affirmed that the Eastern question could be solved only at Vienna, not in Turkey. Events have proved the correctness of the views of the celebrated warrior."

General Fадеев is no diplomatic authority. He is merely a superior officer of the *état major*, and is expressing his private opinion only. But the view taken here is sufficiently plausible to make us hope that as long as Austria has not been dismembered, and Prince Bismarck has not yet had the audacity to claim Francis Joseph's eight millions of Germans, Russia, even if she were most anxious to invade Turkey, will be utterly unable to do so.

There remains, of course, the possibility of an invasion by sea; but for this very adventurous enterprise a fleet is needed, and Russia has none in the Black Sea, and cannot have one worth speaking of much before the end of the present century. The "sick man" can be expected to die only when the Austro-Hungarian

Empire is reduced to a Magyar kingdom; Galicia, Poland, and Posen reconstituted into the old kingdom of Poland; and the twenty odd millions of Austrian and Turkish Slaves transformed into a confederation under the leadership of the Russian Emperor, just as Bavarians, Hanoverians, and Saxons are now confederated under Friedrich Wilhelm. Towards anything of that kind Russia has not yet made a single step; and if we bear in mind the time and efforts it has cost Italy and Germany to arrive at a much more legitimate union, we can remain pretty confident that, whatever may be the testament of Peter and the intentions of Alexander, the various Slavonian tribes, unable to understand each other's dialect, perfectly strange to the Russians, constantly quarrelling among themselves, poor, unskilled, and ignorant, will remain for long years to come an insurmountable obstruction on the high road from Petersburg to Constantinople.

Had Alexander any prospect at all of either crowning himself with the Byzantine crown, or securing it to any of his proximate successors, either he would have courted Austria, as Nicholas did in 1849, or else he would have stimulated those ideas which are usually agitated for years and years before an enterprise of this sort is waged. But until about five years ago, the very word Pan Slavism was prosecuted in Russia, and till 1868 there was not a single book allowed to be published on the Eastern question. General Kovalevsky was commissioned to the head-quarters of the Russian army in 1854, for the special purpose of writing a history of the war, and his book — notwithstanding it being almost void of politics — was kept back from publication for more than twelve years. General Fadéeff's book followed it, and if we add to these two small works a short political preface of General Todleben to his purely military work on the siege of Sebastopol, we shall have nearly all that has yet appeared in Russia on a subject, with reference to which it would be clearly in her interest to spread a certain set of ideas among the Russians, as well as among the Slaves. It may be said that it was part of the policy of the Petersburg cabinet to keep everybody in the dark. But then there would have been a possibility of what is called stimulating the ideas without unveiling the plans of Government; and on the other hand, if such was the policy, there is no reason why it should not be persevered in still. In a word, it seems to us that the

Emperor Alexander has either so fine and subtle a policy in the East as to defy all analysis, or that he has as yet had none at all, which would, of course, be by no means a guarantee that he will not have one as soon as the immense amount of work he has had to accomplish has somewhat advanced. It would, however, be quite out of the scope of our short sketch to speculate on any topics of this nature; and a few paragraphs more on Russian policy in Asia is all that space permits us. At no time has Central Asia so much pre-occupied the public mind both in England and in India as it does just now, and General Romanofsky's book is a most welcome source of information on many points connected with this subject. The General has been commander-in-chief in that distant region, and wrote his notes immediately after he had been recalled, and solely with the view of giving to the Russian public a private account of what he had done. So that the book has the additional merit of not being a work composed with an eye towards making Europe believe what the Petersburg Government wishes.

The advance of Russians into Central Asia began centuries ago, when the Czars of Moscow freed from the Tartar invasion, wanted first to retaliate upon the expelled invaders, and afterwards to find markets for manufactures, which, being a very inferior quality, could not be sold in Europe. In 1472, during the reign of John III. (or Ivan III.) Perm was conquered, and the Czardom of Moscow, formerly bounded by the river Volga, was thus extended to the Oural mountains. During the same reign Viatka was also captured, and the north-eastern frontier of the Muscovite dominions removed as far as Siberia. During the reign of John IV., the Czardoms of Kazan and Astrakhan were annexed, and a common Cozack, of the name of Yermak, having, with some followers of his, taken possession of the greater part of Siberia, made a present of that vast territory to the Czar. At the same time some other Cozacks living along the Volga took possession of the whole valley of the Oural river. The natural wealth of the newly-conquered countries, and the commercial advantages they presented, soon attracted into these regions a large number of adventurers, who settled in them; and towards the beginning of the seventeenth century, the Muscovites held with a strong hand the whole of Siberia and the vast country of Orenbourg, whence the conquest of Central Asia was to be carried on two centuries

later. The natural limits of the Empire under Peter the Great were the river Oural on the East of Russia, and the river Irtysh on the South of Siberia. Beyond these two great rivers extend for many thousands of miles those monotonous wildernesses, which are called steppes, and the whole population of which consisted at that time of a few thousands of wandering savages called Kirghizes. These tribes, when not fighting among themselves, united in attacks upon the Russian frontier settlements, and, as a matter of course, compelled the Russians to pursue them into the interior of the steppes. During these continued fights, some of the tribes submitted to the Russian rule, some remained unsubdued up to our own days. During two centuries no one could make out who was the real master of the endless tracts of land which separated the rich and fruitful Khanates of Central Asia from the banks of the Oural and the Irtysh. A good deal of trade was carried on between these Khanates and the towns of Astrakhan and Orenbourg, but it was carried on chiefly by Bokhara merchants coming across the steppes, not by Russian merchants venturing abroad; for while the former managed to get safely with their caravans through the wilderness, and to make a good bargain with the Muscovites, the latter were always sure either to be robbed and killed in the steppes, or to be robbed and sold into bondage in the Khanates themselves. So great indeed was the desire of the Russians to get the silk and cotton of Bokhara and Khiva in exchange for such products as Muscovite industry could offer, that the merchants of the Khanates trading in Russia were for nearly two centuries exempt from all taxes and duties, notwithstanding the bad treatment the Russian merchants underwent in the Khanates, and the heavy duties levied upon their wares. It was under the Emperor Nicholas that the first attempts to compel the Khanates to a fairer way of trading were made. But very little success was obtained, the expedition either being unable to reach the fertile countries beyond the Oxus, and returning without any result at all, or perishing as did the miserable expedition under Count Perofsky in 1839, under the combined influence of want of water and food, and of constant fights with the overwhelming forces of the Khans, and the hostile nomadic tribes. However, towards the end of the reign of Nicholas, the steppes beyond the rivers Oural and Irtysh somehow or other came to be consid-

ered as Russian territory; they were called Domains of the Kirghizes of Orenbourg, and of the Kirghizes of Siberia respectively, and some reliable outpost settlements were established not only in the steppes, but even beyond them on the banks of Syr-Daria. Of these, Fort Perofsky, which was almost a fortress, was both the most distant and the most important, since it enabled the Russians to launch a couple of steamers on the Aral Sea, and thence to navigate a portion of the Syr-Daria. That full security to the traders was still far from being established is clear, from the fact that now and then whole settlements were exterminated by the wandering tribes, and many of the fortified outposts regularly besieged by the united troops of the Khan of Khokand and the Emir of Bokhara. But the Russian Government seemed to have quite made up its mind to secure the Central Asiatic market, and a special Committee appointed to investigate the state of affairs in the Asiatic dominions, in 1854, pronounced it absolutely necessary to "unite the new outpost line on the Syr-Daria with the advanced posts on the southern frontier of Siberia." This resolution practically meant the erection of new fortified places further along the river of Syr-Daria to the foot of the mountains Tian-Shan and to the lake of Issik-Kul, and was already approved by Nicholas when the Crimean war broke out, and caused the Government to postpone all its projects in Asia. The new line which was to be occupied by the Russians not only offered them some safety from invasion, but secured them some fertile territories along the river, where their settlements could find at least some of the necessaries of life, the steppes being so barren and inconvenient for traffic, that every cwt. of flour cost in Fort Perofsky about one pound sterling more than it did in Astrakhan or Orenbourg, and every gun shot was calculated to cost about thirty shillings.

It was towards 1860 that the postponed project was resumed again, the first steps being taken from Siberia by the construction of Forts Vernoe and Kasteik, at the foot of Tian-Shan. Thence Colonel Zimmermann advanced in a westerly direction towards Syr-Daria with a force of some 2,000 men, and took possession of the Khokand fortresses Pishpek and Tokmak. At the same time General Debou, with another couple of thousand men, advanced along Syr-Daria eastwardly, and took possession of Yany Kourgan. Thus towards

the beginning of 1864 the two little detachments were at but a comparatively short distance from each other, and in June of that year the forces of General Debou, commanded by Colonel Vereffkine, took the capital of Turkestan; while, about the same time, those of Colonel Zimmerman, commanded by Colonel Tsherniajeff, took the fort of Aouliet. The ends of the two lines were thus nearly joined, and in October of the same year Colonel Tsherniajeff entered Tshekment as General commanding the united detachments. But if it was easy to occupy all these places with very small forces, it turned out highly difficult to keep them. The Khan of Khokand at once mustered considerable forces and attacked several of the Russian positions without obtaining any particular success; out nevertheless he became so troublesome to General Tsherniajeff as to cause him to ask for reinforcements and for permission to attack Tashkend, so as to preclude the possibility of the Emir of Bokhara taking possession of it, and thus increasing his power at the expense of the now weakened Khan of Khokand, a combination which was then, as he learned, in course of being realized. The Government refused him permission to advance any further than Tshekment, but ordered some forces to be despatched for the purpose of strengthening the already conquered line. But as no reinforcements could be expected before the lapse of some fifteen months, and as the quickest exchange of despatches between the General and the Ministry at St. Petersburg required some eight or ten weeks, the General, long before the answer reached him, was compelled, by the impending attacks upon himself, to take the desperate step of advancing with the small forces he possessed, and in less than a month he had defeated the whole army of Alimkoula, and taken possession of several fortified places, besides the town of Tashkend itself, in the streets of which he had to fight for three days and three nights. Alimkoula having been killed, and the whole of his army dispersed, General Tsherniajeff might have now expected some rest, had not his anticipation concerning the Emir of Bokhara been only too well justified. Taking advantage of the defeat of his rival, the Emir of Bokhara invaded at once the territory of Khokand, took possession of Khodjent, and assumed a warlike attitude towards the Russians. In October, an embassy sent by the General to the Emir, was arrested, and this naturally led to open hostilities, in the course of which the Russian General had

some rather unsuccessful encounters with the numerous troops of the Emir, but he still managed to preserve both Tashkend and the fertile territory around it.

As soon as the news of the conquests which the General had thus made on his own responsibility reached St. Petersburg, and the complications into which he had got with the Emir became known, he was recalled, and General Romanofsky was sent in his place with strict instructions not to make new conquests, but to establish friendly commercial relations with the Khans, and to introduce some sort of regular system of Government in the already acquired territories. It reads almost like a romance when General Romanofsky describes his arrival to take command of an "army" of some 3,000 soldiers strong, with no money, no provisions, and with the men exhausted to such an extent as to return about thirty sick every day. On the other hand, at a distance of some fifty miles, at Aura-Tube, the Emir was mustering an army some 100,000 strong, with more than 100 guns. The General knowing, however, that nothing was more fatal in dealing with Asiatic tribes than to show discouragement, entered at once on a couple of reconnoitring expeditions, during which he defeated the vanguard detachments of the Emir, and took something like 20,000 sheep, which allowed him to increase the rations of the troops, and thus to improve their condition. When so much had been attained, the General, believing that a sufficient impression on the Khan had been produced, once more renewed peaceful negotiations, asking the Emir to set at liberty the detained Embassy, to prohibit any attack upon Russian outposts, and to withdraw the bulk of his troops from the territory occupied by the Russians. The Emir refused to comply with any of these demands. He would not liberate the prisoners, and he replied to General Romanofsky that so far from withdrawing himself, he advised the General to retreat beyond Syr-Daria if he did not wish to be annihilated together with his troops. At the same time attacks on the outposts were renewed by large parties of Bokhara cavalry, and Russian patrols and piquets were almost nightly beheaded, the heads being on these occasions invariably carried away, and the mutilated bodies left on the ground. At the same time the General learned that a great many agents of the Khan were spread all over the country occupied by the Russians, and were preparing a revolt, which was to break out at Tashkend, as well as in the

rear of the Russian troops, simultaneously with the attack contemplated by the Emir. The position of the General became more and more critical, although some of the promised reinforcement began already to arrive. Two steamers reached Tchinnaz from the Aral Sea, bringing some troops and other necessities, and some small detachments arrived from Siberia. But they did not much increase the main forces of the General, for, besides the sickness of a great many of his soldiers, he had constantly to detach troops for garrison and observation purposes in the newly occupied localities. In case of a defeat the General was pretty sure to lose every soul of his little army, for the nearest points offering any refuge were Fort Vernoe and Fort Perofsky, both of which were over 500 miles distant. In his immediate rear he had but a treacherous population, conquered, but ready to revolt. The main body of his available army consisted of 14 companies of infantry, 500 Cossacks, 22 guns, and a rocket battery, altogether numbering about 3,000 men and 1,000 horses.

In the beginning of May, 1833, the news reached the General that the Emir was actually advancing upon him, and had already reached Jrdjar. No time was to be lost. He made up his mind to meet him half way; and, on the eighth of the same month, managed somehow to rout the whole of the Khan's army, to drive him in flight to Samarkand, his camp and no end of provisions and ammunition falling into the hands of the little Russian army, the whole loss of which at that battle consisted of twelve wounded men. The most important result of the Jrdjar victory was, however, the subsequent capture of Khodjent, and of nearly the whole of the Syrdaria, as far as Namangan, one of the richest and most important districts the Russians yet possessed. In addition to this, the victory of General Romanofsky seemed to have put a stop to any further hostilities. At all events, the Emir, as well as the Khan of Khokand, sent out embassies with assurances of their friendly dispositions, and all the prisoners detained at Bokhara were released. The capture of Khodjent was also most important from a strategical point of view, since it precluded nearly all possibility of any joint military action on the part of the two Khanates. Highly satisfied with these results, General Romanofsky, while reporting them to St. Petersburg, and asking for instructions as to the conditions upon which peace with Bokhara was to be con-

cluded, began to organize the administration of the newly-acquired territories. This was a most difficult task, not only because of his not possessing the necessary officers, but also because of the necessity of imposing taxes and duties which seem to be as unwillingly submitted to in Asia as anywhere else. Besides, the Russian policy has always been, when dealing with Asiatic tribes, to free newly-conquered provinces for a certain time from all taxes, including even those they paid under their own rulers. This, of course, rendered the new masters very popular at the outset, and made their rule pretty secure. But when the time to impose taxes and duties came, a revolt of the apparently quite pacified and subjugated population immediately broke out. The natural consequence of this peculiar policy repeated itself in this instance also. All the territories acquired between 1831 and 1833 remained exempted from nearly every kind of taxation or contributions; and when General Romanofsky received the intimation that he had no more money to expect from Petersburg, and must begin to make local means serve local wants, it at once became more difficult to retain the new possessions than it had been to conquer them. Disturbances and refusals to pay taxes or to contribute to the maintenance of the troops arose on all sides, and the clauses of peace prescribed from St. Petersburg rendered the position still more difficult. An indemnity was to be imposed upon the Emir, which he point blank refused to pay, accepting the remaining conditions of peace, which consisted mainly in the acknowledgment of the new frontiers, in the reduction of duties on Russian ware, and in the guarantee of full security to Russian traders in the Khanates. Keeping in view the agitation which had already begun in the occupied provinces, and the re-appearance of new agents of the Emir exciting people to revolt, both General Romanofsky and General Krijanofsky (just then arrived at his new post as Lord Lieutenant of the Central Asiatic dominions) thought they had but one course to pursue, and that was to open hostilities again. And so, in October of the same year, Oara-Tube and Djizak were taken, and the Russian outposts brought in the very walls of Samarkand.

Here concludes the account of General Romanofsky's eight months' command. In December of the same year he had to return to the capital, and about two years later published the book we refer to, and

which must be viewed much less in the light of memoirs or of a personal narrative than in the light of an unofficial defence of himself, against accusations of having made unauthorized conquests, and having generally disregarded the instructions sent from a committee in which War and Foreign Office clerks had to decide what was to be his proper line of action. That the Petersburg Government was sincere in declaring itself unwilling to extend its dominions can scarcely be doubted. General Romanofsky quotes verbatim several despatches, refusing to sanction any further advance of troops, which, however, always arrived too late, when not only advances but actual conquests had already been made. It may certainly be said that such despatches were mere mock instructions calculated to pacify European diplomacy; but we have reason to believe in the first place that the Russian Cabinet by no means cares so much about European Cabinets as is generally supposed — at all events, with reference to its Asiatic dealings: and in the second, that the fact of the Turkestan commander-in-chief having been persistently left without money as well as without troops, is the best proof that the instructions meant what they said. The constant change of the head officers is, perhaps, an additional fact in support of this theory. In fact, the Government seems to have been perfectly aware that conquered markets are much less advantageous than independent and friendly markets, and it has been more anxious to inspire these semi-savage Khanates with respectful feelings than actually to subdue them. In this respect the *Times* is perfectly right in saying —

"If the Russians have been obliged to use force, and if the use of force has ended in the occupation of more or less of the hostile territory, this ought not to surprise Englishmen, in whose dealings with Asiatics precisely the same phenomenon has appeared. We began with a fort at Madras, and a factory on the Hooghly. Now we rule two hundred millions of human beings, yet there never was a time when conquest was made for its own sake. There never was a time when India directors and their servants, when Ministers and Parliament, did not think we had too much. We conquered in spite of ourselves; we went spell-bound to greatness; the country fell to us as of necessity. This is not new, for the Roman Empire itself was built up in this way. The Russian *Gazette* alleges that the dominion over the wild regions of Central Asia is falling to Russia after this manner, without any deliberate seeking on her part. The conclusion, of course, is that a tendency so deep and strong, and so independent of human will,

must be, full of benefits for the world. 'Manifest destiny' appears here, as in the conflict between the Anglo-American and the Mexican or the Indian, and it is certainly as grand an achievement to restore an Old World as to conquer a New." — *Times*, Nov. 19, 1872.

But where our contemporary erred was in never giving any matter of fact information concerning the Russian progress in Asia, nor any adequate estimate of its real importance for the outside world. All that has appeared in the *Times* on this subject for these last ten years, has been either Berlin translations of some stale articles from St. Petersburg papers, or now and then a London translation of just as stale a letter of Herr Arminius Vambéry, writing from his residence at Pesth to the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, on Samarkand and Oura-Tube complications. And while doing so little for the really important side of the question, our leading organ does that little in such a clumsy way as to give quite unnecessary offence to the Russian Government, which is sure to return the compliment at the first opportunity in the shape of some insulting note to the Foreign Office, for stupidities written in Printing-house Square. Here is what the Petersburg *Exchange Gazette* says already, with reference to the recent remarks of the *Times* : —

"We have much rejoiced that England has openly admitted that she is powerless to assist or defend Khiva. But should we not rather look upon this admission as an insult? What would the English have said if, during their war with the mountain tribes of India, we had talked of Russian help and protection? They represent as a good turn done to Russia the refusal of Lord Northbrook to give the assistance asked for by the Khivan envoy; but the very circumstance that he received the envoy and gave him an audience is an insult to Russia. If we wished to conquer a wealthy and populous country in Asia, it would be easier for us to do this in China, which would afford us much greater advantages than India. . . . If we wished to act with more energy in Asia, we would do very different things. A single Russian division can pass quite unhindered to the Indus, then march through Turkestan, Mongolia, and Mandjouria, and conquer half of China."

Now, instead of generalities about the question as to whether it is Providence or something else that sends Russians to Asia, and whether England can or cannot and ought or ought not to oppose their progress, it would certainly have been more useful and business-like to inquire whether it is true that, as Herr Vambéry stated already in 1869, the Russians have,

in accordance with their treaties with the Khanates, to pay only 3 per cent. duties, where England pays 40 per cent., and whether it is true, as a "traveller in Turkestan" stated in the *Manchester Guardian* of November 27th, 1872, that the Atalik Ghazee (the ruler of the now independent Chinese Turkestan) said, in concluding his recent treaty with Russia, that "formerly he had been inclined to make friends with the English; but now he gave the preference to the Czar of Russia." That new and clever potentate has twice sent an embassy to Calcutta, without scarcely any result.

"Surely," says the correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, "it is our own tardiness in accepting the hand which he held out to us. Our conduct reminds one of *Punch's* pictures of Lord John Russell as the small boy who chalked up 'No Popery' and then ran away. We have for the last five years been engaged in removing all kinds of obstacles on the way to Central Asia. We have brought pressure to bear on the Maharajah of Cashmere to repress the malpractices of his officials. We have gone to the expense of maintaining a British agent in Ladak to protect the trade. We have negotiated a treaty with Cashmere sacrificing all our own Customs dues on goods passing through India into Cashmere, and all our transit duties on shawls, for the sake of procuring a free-trade route into Turkestan. We have spent thousands of pounds on roads and bridges in our own hill provinces to facilitate the traffic. And of all this the sole aim and object has been to procure an entrance into the Turkestan market, and so into the rich provinces of Western China.

"On the other hand, the ruler of this valuable market stands at the door inviting us to enter. Nay more, he sends his envoys to fetch us. Yet we stand outside like a bashful guest who has driven up with a great dash and knocked loudly at the door, but who hesitates in the entrance fiddling with his hat and gloves."

All such questions ought to preoccupy our daily papers much more than they do as yet. The immense Empire, suddenly awakened by Alexander's hand from the torpid slumber in which it was wrapped, seems to us to be nowadays the most important subject of study for every European politician, and we are utterly unable to account for the ignorance that prevails about it. An indifferent book by Mr. H. Dixon, and a couple of very light books by Mr. Barry, are all that has appeared on Russia for these last two or three years. A paper like the *Times* has even no correspondent at Petersburg, and the natural result of such a state of affairs is that the public is kept in perfect ignorance of all that concerns the colossal power which is

to play the leading part in European events of the future. So great indeed is this ignorance, that a short-time ago the *Times* published the following bit of information:

"The *Statesman's Year Book* for 1872 gives the estimated population of Russia in Europe, including Finland and Poland, at the date of the latest returns, at sixty-eight millions and a quarter. It may be interesting to learn (upon the authority of the *Bourse Gazette* of St. Petersburg) the rate of progress of the population of that Empire. In 1722 it stood at fourteen millions, in 1808 at thirty-six millions, in 1829 at about fifty millions, and in 1863 at sixty-five millions. With respect to area we read, on the same authority, that in the time of John III., that is to say in the second half of the fifteenth century, it occupied a surface of only eighteen million square miles. In the reign of Alexis, in 1650, its extent had already reached two hundred and thirty-seven millions; under Peter the Great two hundred and eighty millions; under Catherine II. three hundred and thirty-five millions of square miles. Under the present reign, according to the *Statesman's Year Book*, the area of the Russian Empire, including Finland, Poland, Russia, and Siberia, is very nearly three hundred and seventy millions square miles. Siberia and the Caucasus add nearly nine millions to the population of the entire Empire, which thus stands, as nearly as possible, at seventy-seven millions. The density of the population to the geographical square mile ranges from a maximum of 2,204 in Poland to a minimum of 17 in Siberia." — *Times*, September 18.

The worst of all Russian papers is quoted here in conjunction with a book of reference which every educated Englishman has in his library, and the leading journal, satisfied with such common sources of information, bungles, into the bargain, the data given. The surface of the whole world does not extend to anything like 370 millions of square miles, and Russia, including all her Asiatic possessions, has a territory of 7,769,781 square miles, which makes one-seventh of the territorial part of the globe, and about one twenty-sixth part of its entire surface. The *Statesman's Year Book* is quite correct in its data; but the *Times* transforms 369,817 geographical square miles into 370 millions of English square miles, and 77,008,448 inhabitants into 68,250,000, the data concerning the population of Russia being already underestimated by the *Statesman's Year Book* by something like 7,000,000. Let us hope that we shall some day know what the real extent, population, and resources of that mighty empire are, and that by-and-by we shall turn also to the study of the marvellous progress which its intelligent popula-

tion is making under the rule of a despot, who had always the reputation of a merely "good-natured fellow," but of whom history will speak some day as of one of the ablest and shrewdest sovereigns of the nineteenth century.

"And how about Khiva?" the reader may ask, seeing that this desultory article is concluded without anything having been said on this particular question so much before the public just now. But there is nothing to be said about it. Khiva is a mere repetition of Bokhara and Khokand. Nothing has been done yet with reference to that Khanate, except that the country around its capital has been reconnoitred. If the Khan will enter into amicable commercial arrangements with the Russian Government, and will allow them to turn the Oxus into its old bed, which ran into the Caspian Sea, and which Khiva men would rather have running into the Aral Sea for purposes of irrigation, everything will get on smoothly. But if the Khan proves unable to secure to Russian caravans either safety or convenient communication from the Caspian, he will have to fight, will be defeated, his capital taken, and all the rest of it, just as it went with the Emir and the Khan of Khokand.

From The St. James Magazine.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

A TALE BY MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN, AUTHORS OF "THE CONSCRIPT," ETC.

It was very dark in the back room, in spite of the two small lamps that shone on the table to the right and left of a brass crucifix. A plate held a spray of box-wood steeped in holy water, and there was another plate on which lay a bit of wool for the consecrated oil. In the course of a few seconds the pale lights showed Father Abba, as white as death, stretched on his pallet; his cheeks were hollow and furrowed, his eyes sunken in, and a few tufts of grey hair stood up on his forehead. He did not move, not having strength to rise; but at the sound of the tinkling bell he made an effort to turn.

"Lie still, Abba," said the curé; "our Lord is being carried to you."

Meanwhile prayers for the dead had commenced out of doors.

"Can you hear me, and can you speak?" asked the curé.

"I can," answered Abba.

Monsieur le Curé then leaned over the bed to hear the sufferer's confession. It

lasted full ten minutes. We others were standing apart, looking down and reflecting that the Lord was among us; that He could see us and knew our thoughts in this deep silence, according to His words to the Apostles,—"When two or three of you are gathered together in My name, I shall be among you." This overawed us. Abba received absolution and communion after his confession. Meantime we prayed in a low voice; the two or three women outside doing likewise. Zalie sobbed.

The poor old woodcutter seemed calmer; he was gazing at the light of the two lamps flickering over the ceiling. The sight of this world was fast vanishing from him; his cup was full; the hour of redemption and of eternal salvation had drawn near.

We now returned down-hill to the village, descending very leisurely, for we were weary. I and Monsieur le Curé went on in front, Monsieur Jean and Louise followed, and last of all came George with his bell. We were much impressed and deep in thought. It was very near three in the afternoon, and we were turning towards the pine-wood above Chaumes, when suddenly a woodcutter stood before us with a pale face and wide-flapping beaver pulled over his eyes.

"He isn't dead, is he?" asked he, in a rough voice.

"No, not yet, Simon," said the curé; "but be quick."

"Ah, what a blow! What a misfortune!" cried the man; and he climbed on without stopping, taking short cuts through the brambles. The curé smiled sadly as he looked at him, tearing away like a boar among thorns.

"That is Abba's brother-in-law," he said. "They have had a quarrel about a hemp-field which has lasted fifteen years; each maintaining it should by right have belonged to him. They have sworn to kill each other at least a hundred times, and have done much injury. Now, there goes one of the two ready to pull all the hair out of his head on hearing of the other's death; while Abba, who is about to appear before God, forgives, as he hopes to be forgiven. Lord! must it ever be thus? Will nothing less than death and fear of Thy justice open our hearts to each other? Are we only reconciled when laid deep in the ground? What is, after all, the wealth of this world compared to eternity?"

M. Jannequin seemed to be only speaking to me, but Jean, George, and Louise

could hear, and take what he said home to themselves.

We reached the village at about four, and thus had time to ponder over the events of the day. We were dying with thirst, and all were pleased to get to Monsieur Jean's house, where we parted. Jacques was looking out of his front window, and, after George had run in to tell him he would return as soon as he had taken his surplice off, he followed me to the church, where we both undressed, after doing which each went his own way.

My wife had put my dinner aside. I sat down to it, holding my little Paul on my knees, and ate with good relish, feeling it a great blessing to enjoy quiet with those we love best, when a long day's toil is over.

CHAPTER IV.

It is evident from what precedes that the curé took advantage of every opportunity to remind Monsieur Jean and Monsieur Jacques Rantzaun of their Christian duties; but what is the use of fine speeches and good advice when hatred has taken root in hard hearts, or in the bosoms of men who seek nothing but their own interest, especially if these men live one facing the other, and seek some source of fresh annoyance every day?

We soon saw which way things were turning.

It was now time to appoint a mayor as successor to Monsieur Fortin. Every one at Chaumes thought of the Rantzaun brothers; but on former occasions they had declined this post, alleging that their own private affairs left them no leisure for the concerns of the public and the commune.

Monsieur Rigault, of the "Ox-foot" inn, was next talked of; then Monsieur Simon, the brewer; but the nomination was put off from day to day, without anything being settled, until the end of June, when Monsieur Jacques stated he was willing to fill the office if appointed, and everybody fancied the Prefect's choice would settle on him instantly. Village mayors were nominated by the Prefects under the reign of Louis XVIII. and Charles X., those of large cities by the King.

If Jean had not put his name down on the list of candidates, Jacques would certainly never have come forward as mayor; and now came the time when every one was to see the result of family feuds. The Chaumes people who were growers, day-labourers, or cart-drivers, would hear of no one but Monsieur Jean. One or two carried his hay, others his dung, some were

employed on his fields, mowed his meadows, or thrashed his corn; whereas the people of the valley, who were all engaged in timber—floaters, cutters, fagot-makers, and carriers—stood up for Monsieur Jacques, who gave them from ten to fifteen francs per week for their pay.

It was the greatest disturbance I ever heard; men, women, and even the school-children mixing up in it. "Silence!" did I have to call out all day long; or I had to threaten George and Louise with punishment, for they would talk the whole affair over with their nearest companions.

This was the fault of their parents; as children repeat out of doors what they hear at home.

My situation can be pictured in the midst of all the discussions which took place even in the lowest huts, yet I entirely depended on the man who was to be mayor, and therefore I could neither take the part of one or the other.

I used to think that the day was not far when such explosive feelings would prompt the brothers to take each other by the collar in the middle of the sittings of the Municipal Council; and that, in obedience to a formal order from M. Rigaud, the substitute, I should be compelled to draw up a report against them; but affairs were conducted with proper order, the Rantzaus having a great idea of their dignity, and being disinclined to let the public into the secret of their scandalous dissensions.

After all, Monsieur Jean was appointed; upon which Monsieur Jacques handed in his resignation as member of the Council. He was seen that whole week going composedly backwards and forwards with his metre under his arm, supervising the wood-felling, the carriers, and seeing his timber put afloat as calmly as if nothing had happened.

Only, the following morning at about seven, as I stood at the school door waiting for the children, I saw him drive by in his *char-à-bancs*, with his big curly head low between his two shoulders, and his eyes half shut like a man in a dream.

His two dapple-grey horses were going along at full gallop, and their master was calling out,—

"Gee-up, Grisette; gee-e-e, Charlot!"

I bowed, but he did not see me. His horses were turned towards the Sarrebourg road, and soon disappeared in the direction of La Tuilerie. I remember every one of these circumstances quite distinctly.

It was eight in the evening when the

char-a-bancs returned, and I said to my wife,—

"That is Monsieur Jacques, who has, I dare say, been to Sarrebourg about the action brought out against his servant by Lefevre, the forest-keeper."

But very early next day, at the opening of our school, all the village knew that Monsieur Jean Rantzau had been summoned to appear before the justice of peace in order to come to an amicable understanding with Jacques Rantzau, concerning the tracing of a road which was to cross the five acres of meadow-land he had paid so high a price for, at the sale of M. Fortin, a few months ago.

Not more than twenty minutes later Monsieur Jean drove by at the full speed of his large mare Zozote. He wore a wide-awake hat, and long spurs to his boots; his eyes were quite fixed, and his cheeks blanched with anger. He was going to consult lawyer Colle, at Sarrebourg, and put his case in his hands; for it was clear that if Monsieur Jacques should unfortunately get the road he had solicited, it would by one half lessen the worth of the meadow for which Jean had already paid double its value, in order to prevent his brother from increasing his possessions.

This was the beginning of that famous lawsuit between the two Rantzaus, during which, numbers of people were fed at their expense, and saw their fortunes bettered—lawyers, bailiffs, recorders, umpires, judges, and others. An inquiry, and then a counter-inquiry were instituted; the spot had to be examined; Colle and Gidé, the learned counsellors of the brothers, made magnificent speeches—one of these lawyers being indignant, and the other in a fury. Both derided their respective ignorance of the old and new laws, so long as they were in court, then shook hands and bowed to each other when once out in the street. This was the beginning of that suit, during which men of law and experts of all sorts came to a stop at either Jean's or at Jacques', siding for both in turn. Gidé won at Sarrebourg, when Colle appealed at Nancy, and then it was Jacques' time to lose. Fortunately there was a flaw in the proceedings, and he appealed in a higher court; the Nancy sentence was there revoked, and the whole affair had to be brought up again before a Dijon court. Finally, Jacques got his road through Jean's meadow; the latter having all law expenses to pay, with the exception of Monsieur Jacques' defenders, be it understood; and it is pretty certain they did not wear out their tongues for nothing.

So Jacques had his road! He called it *Malgré-Jean*, which means "in-spite-of-Jean"; and when this path is spoken of the villagers still say, "We are going to the river by the *Malgré-Jean Road*." Jacques, moreover, had a bridge built across the Saar, at the lower end of this path, which convenience attracted numbers of people across his brother's meadow; but Jean could not prevent them. This is an instance of the brotherly love which existed between the two.

Nevertheless, they went regularly to mass every Sunday, and sat in the old family pew bequeathed unto them in common by father and mother Rantzau. They went through all the service, bowing low at the elevation of the sacred Host, holding their broad-brimmed hats in their devoutly joined hands, and attentively listening to our curé's sermons on the union of families, the forgiveness of injuries, and the forgetting of our fellow-creatures' deficiencies. None of the parishioners showed more attention than they; and then, after both had dipped their fingers in holy water, they turned and looked daggers at each other. To speak more veraciously, they exchanged no looks at all on ordinary occasions, but always went their way, thinking in what manner they could be vexatious—how they could make trouble, and bring about the ruin which each desired might attend the other.

Their children naturally hated each other more and more every day, and I used to think, while teaching them their catechism and getting them ready for confirmation, that it was all lost time and labour; that no living being—neither curé, nor myself, nor any one—could tread down the thistles, brambles, thorns, nettles, and other wild vegetation that had taken firm root in the hearts of these unfortunate creatures.

I was very much grieved about it; but what could be done? God Almighty expects no man to do more than his duty. He measures every one's task out according to his means and capacities.

There was but one hope left. It was in the good influence of confirmation and holy communion, which are such solemn acts in the life of the young!

"Who knows whether the old people," thought I to myself, "on finding their children so happy, and seeing them kneel side by side at the altar in presence of the whole village, will not yield and become reconciled?"

The slightest thing might have brought this about. A remembrance of the good

old times when they loved each other — thoughts of those who were no more, and looked down from above — nothing but a generous impulse — might have opened their hearts and unlocked their arms.

This was my secret hope. But, alas! the happy day came; there were the children, in their white frocks and new coats, bearing tapers in their hands; there were the mothers and fathers on their benches; and there was the curé in the pulpit, moving every one with his sermon on forgiveness and pardon. All pitied George's mother, who sobbed in her handkerchief — it was easy to guess what she was feeling. There stood Jean, on whose bald head shone the light of the painted windows; his hands were joined together and his whole appearance was that of a man listening to a devout exhortation. Jacques stood by his side in the same attitude, mumbling short lip prayers, and his beaked nose was inclined forward as if in emulation of his devout mien. Ah, the old scoundrels! I am compelled to call them so, for it is plain truth. In spite of their saintly airs, these two men were no more impressed than the hard rocks of the Bâri ridge, on which neither rain, nor the dew of heaven, nor any other blessing from above has ever nurtured a single flower for six thousand years.

I was eye-witness to the above scene, as was every one else at Chaumes. The first communion had not the slightest effect on the Rantzaus; the whole race, young and old, remained what they had been before.

When the ceremony was over, each thanked the curé separately for his beautiful sermon; Monsieur Jacques first, and Monsieur Jean afterwards. This proves their awful hypocrisy, which is worse than inveterate hatred. They further expressed how gratified they were by sending their children with very fit presents.

Louise and George called on me also to say how grateful they were for the trouble I had taken with their education. They each presented my wife with a louis in gold, which was too handsome a gift, considering they had already paid for their schooling like the others, and always brought me presents for my *fête* and New Year's Day; nevertheless, such presents could not be otherwise than agreeable. Thus, Monsieur Jean and Monsieur Jacques outwardly performed their duties as good Christians: it was a different case inwardly.

Their hatred persisted; and, if I may say the whole truth, I verily believe every circumstance that brought them together did but increase the ill-feeling between them

on account of the great effort they made to keep up the dignity of the Rantzaus by never giving vent to their evil dispositions in public.

Pride alone restrained them: they behaved decently because it was not proper for people in their station to act like the common herd, and mastered themselves out of vaingloriousness!

CHAPTER V.

ALL my eldest pupils left school when their first communion was over; it was the custom of the country. The girls went into service in private families, or they were employed in factories about Chaumes, or gained a livelihood by fetching dry leaves, and binding up fagots in the forest; some of them went out to work by the day. Those who were a little better off helped their mothers at home until they married. As to the boys, they became wood-cutters, tailors, shoe, and wooden-shoe makers, or tub-makers, according to the profession of their parents. All soon forgot the little they knew.

This is the fate of the poor here below. How many out of the number would have been happy to continue their studies! They were quite as gifted as the Rantzaus, perhaps more so; but money, money was wanting; money is always wanting, and a poor schoolmaster has none to give away. So they all left.

Towards the month of October Monsieur Jacques took his son to the Phalsbourg College, where he was to study Greek, Latin, Mathematics, and the other branches required before he could obtain a degree; after which the lad hoped to make some figure in the forest department — a line he was fond of, having been brought up among woods and mountains. He was desirous to come out in a handsome green uniform with an embroidered collar, like that of our head forest-keeper, Botte, and to have a long hunter's knife hanging down his side. This did not much please Monsieur Jacques, who would have liked George to follow his own business, but he did not say so, fancying the youth would with age and experience find out that it is pleasanter to give orders than to execute those of other people.

George came to tell me all this over supper the night before his departure. He was flushed with excitement, and looked at me with his bright eyes, as much as to say, "Yes, that is what I mean to be, Monsieur Florent Renaud; I shall be an honour to you; I will never be ashamed of you."

While he spoke he pictured to himself the extent of his future grandeur. My wife, who had inherited her father's prudence, seeing I here meant to deliver a short speech on the folly of pride, made me a wink to desist, so I held my tongue, and the boy, on leaving us, embraced me most tenderly. I felt he was attached to me, and besides, he was overjoyed at the idea of leaving Chaumes.

Two or three days later Louise came to wish me good-bye. She was to go to the Molsheim Convent-school, the most commendable institution in the country; all the daughters of well-to-do people went to Molsheim. The day Louise came to tell us this, she wore a fashionable little blue frock, and wide-flapping straw hat, with a rose on one side. The child really was pretty, lightsome, and graceful. Her blue eyes were very intelligent, and the satisfaction she experienced at being sent to so first-rate an establishment heightened her complexion when she spoke of it; in fact, she changed colour every minute, keeping her eyes cast down on her little shoes with a very modest look, then lifting them up to say, —

"Yes, Monsieur Renaud; that is the school I am going to. I shall never forget your excellent teaching; I owe you everything I know, Monsieur Renaud."

She was quite cheerful, and embraced us affectionately, not allowing me to go down the old stairs when I rose to take her to the gate.

"Remain seated, Monsieur Renaud; pray do not let me disturb you," she said.

How different are the manners of the rich to those of the poor! People may not like to acknowledge it, but the contrast is very great for all that.

I thought of nothing but these two children the whole evening, longing for the time when they would add forgiveness to all their other good qualities. The Lord considered this was one of the principal virtues, having recommended it to us in the prayer He taught, and having told His Apostles they were always to be ready to pardon.

As I was opening the schoolhouse in the fresh early morn, next day, I heard a youthful, sweet voice call out, —

"Good morning, Monsieur Renaud! Good-bye; keep well!"

It was Louise in her father's *char-à-bancs*; she was waving her two hands, and turning round on her seat. Monsieur Jean lifted his hat, for it was he driving his daughter to Molsheim.

"Heaven bless you, my dear!" I cried; "remain good, and be dutiful."

I felt really quite moved.

The old schoolroom, with half its forms empty, seemed very wretched now. I walked up and down, thinking of all my old pupils. For the want of a few sous to keep up their learning they were reduced to premature misery. I saw them go by every day with an axe over their shoulders, or bent under heavy burdens. They would look at me by stealth as they passed, and would say in a gasping voice, "Bon jour, Monsieur Florent." Ah! many a time has my heart bled for them, especially when I knew they had been very good boys, and I had noticed they could have turned into something above the condition I saw them in.

Although I was personally in a very humble station, still I lived according to my inclinations; I could read a good book when such an opportunity occurred; I could form some notion of everything by thought and reflection, whereas, so many there were who could not get on at all without arduous labour over a workboard, or bowed down to the ground from morning to night. I compared, and considered myself lucky. Even now my head has gradually become white, I must confess several might then have envied me.

I say nothing of the gratification I felt in the enjoyment of universal esteem, nor of the honourable functions I was called on to fulfil as organist at church and as secretary at the Mairie, nor as confidant of the numerous families whose members entrusted me with their correspondence and the drawing-up of their petitions. Neither do I say anything about the blessings of a good wife, and the joy I felt on seeing Paul and Juliette grow up in wisdom. Then I had my herbal, my Sunday and Thursday walks, and all the satisfactions a reasonable man can desire.

Since the death of my father-in-law I had collected three large folio registers of dried plants. I had too, a quantity of variegated insects pinned on pasteboard; all the black, yellow, and brown cockchafers, and all the heath-flies and butterflies that shine like sparks and stars.

One thing put me out sometimes. I had but a single odd volume of Linnæus, and was compelled to give my specimens Latin names. This humbled me extremely, as I could not well understand what they meant.

One morning that year, during early snow-fall, just as I had finished lessons, at about eleven o'clock (the children were

still running home, and I was putting sundry papers away in my drawer before I went up-stairs), a stranger called out "*Bon jour!*" to me from the door.

It was Martin, the Savoyard pedlar, or "trundler," as he was called in our locality. He had a leather strap on his shoulder, from which hung, behind, an immense basket of books. Every five or six months he used to come to Chaumes, and I bought all I required of him in the way of pens, pencils, sealing-wax, &c. There he was again, touching his cap and inquiring, —

"Quite well, as usual, Monsieur? Anything wanted to-day?"

"I think not," I replied; "but come in — close the door; we will see."

He then shut the door and crossed the room slowly. His thick, heavy shoes were covered with snow, and he was almost bent double under the weight of his basket. With a twist of his shoulder he brought it in front, and rested it on the corner of the table nearest the tribune. Then he lifted the oil-cloth, and, as usual, I looked at his wares, asking him the price of different things.

Teachers and schoolmasters were his best customers after the curés, the latter recommending his books when approved of by Monsieur Frayssinous, the Minister of Public Instruction: — "*The History of the Saints*," "*The History of Martyred Missionaries out in China*," "*The Manners and Customs of the Hebrews*," by M. l'Abbé Fleury, "*The Missal*," and other edifying works. I looked on, saying nothing, when, underneath all the rest, I spied an enormous second-hand volume. It was square and substantially bound. I pulled it up out of curiosity, asking the pedlar what it was.

"Ah!" said he, "that I got, with many others, at a sale up in the mountains; they came very dear, but I shall get rid of them in time by carrying one or two with me whenever I go out on a tour. They are old books, though licensed for sale as well as the others."

As he spoke I looked over the work. It was a "*Dictionary of Natural Science*," by Monsieur Antoine de Jussieu, Professor of Botany at the Museum. There was a long notice at the end on the classification of products in the vegetable kingdom.

The effect produced on me by the sight of such a book can be imagined. It was worth at least fifty francs. I felt greatly agitated. I cannot say whether or no the pedlar read on my features that I wanted to purchase it; but, being well aware that if he thought I did, he would put a good

price on it, I placed it back in the basket, saying, —

"It is not badly bound, and the paper is fine linen fibre; but it is old, and those painted edges round the leaves, as scarlet as the blood of an ox, are quite out of style."

"Indeed they are not," he replied; "I sell the like every day."

After having turned more books over, I again took up the dictionary.

"How much do you want for this?" I asked.

"Three francs, Monsieur; it is worth more for nothing but the binding and quality of the paper."

"Oh, oh! three francs!" I cried. "Do you think I can afford to throw money out of the window in that way? I should like it well enough, for it would look well in my book-case, and is bound in parchment. I will give you thirty sous for it."

"No; you shall have it for two francs, and not one centime less," said Martin.

My heart was throbbing. I had not courage to beat the pedlar down lower, so I took the book up again, knowingly thrusting out my lips, as if reconsidering, —

"You will add two parcels of quills with it, won't you?" I asked.

"Well, considering we have done business together for many years, I will not refuse," said Martin; "but it is really cheap — too cheap. You will make up for it another time, I hope."

The pedlar saw that my eyes brightened up, and, fearing lest this might induce him to change his mind, I placed the dictionary on my rostrum, the pens in the drawer, and counted out his two francs immediately.

"Will you buy nothing else?" he asked in an ill-humoured tone, now that my satisfaction was visible. "Look here," he went on, turning the contents of the basket right over, and coming to a copy-book covered with grey paper, "this is also a part of the same sale."

He opened it at haphazard. I saw it was a collection of plates that supplemented the dictionary, and illustrated all the insects, which were classed, drawn, and engraved in proper order — caterpillars, cocoons, butterflies, worms, &c., of all kinds — in one word, it was perfect. I could not conceal my enthusiastic admiration.

The pedlar marked my joy.

"Oh, this is much dearer!" he said; "it is drawn; it is splendidly got up; it is a different article altogether."

I did not know what to object, for Mar-

tin had said the truth. Fortunately my wife came down; she had been waiting for dinner a full quarter of an hour, and finding me in the act of buying books—the great wish of her heart for the last six months having been to save for a cow—her usual good temper forsook her.

"Dear me, Florent," she cried; "we surely have books enough in the house already; the top room is full of books. What is the good of so many when we are in want of a cow?"

This speech made the Savoyard indignant, for I put the plates down, saying,—

"You are quite correct, Marie-Barbe; I had forgotten the cow."

The pedlar roused himself at this point, and, handing the copy-book out to me, exclaimed,—

"*Allons*; I want to get rid of my wares and turn homewards. Having so heavy a pack, I will let this off cheap. What will you give me for it, Mr. Schoolmaster? Say three francs, and we will close the bargain."

When my wife heard of three francs she almost fainted away.

"Three francs!" she shrieked. "It is not worth four sous."

"Madame," put in the pedlar, "without the slightest desire to take you down, you must allow that your husband knows more about books than you do."

"Now, listen to me," I cried. "As to the dictionary, we will say no more about it. It is bound in parchment, and that increases its value; but when it comes to a copy-book covered with grey paper, without any binding at all, the case alters immediately."

"Well, what then will you give for it?" asked Martin.

"Twenty sous," I replied.

My wife was most provoked, and the Savoyard, noticing her annoyance, said,—

"Then take it; I must get rid of my things."

I saw Marie-Barbe was anxious to break the bargain. When I put my hands in my pocket and counted out the money she looked as cross as could be, but said not a word, being brought up to respect and obey her husband. However, she could not help feeling vexed with me.

The Savoyard, rightly guessing that so long as my wife stood by me there was an end to all further transactions, now picked up his wares, covered them up with his oil-cloth, tied them down, and, slinging the strap over his shoulder, said,—

"*Allons*, I wish you good-day, Monsieur and Madame; I will look in again when

winter is over. Let us hope this will not be my last call, and that we shall conclude further business together."

Thereupon he took his leave, I and Marie-Barbe following him. As he went down the street we both went up-stairs.

I had never felt happier, nor had my wife ever been more miserable. She did not speak all dinner-time, but the children had no sooner left table and gone out than she began. I stopped her at once.

"Now," said I, "I know all that is coming about a cow. Well, you may have one; but, in the name of heaven, do not make life bitter to me! Am I extravagant with money? Do I spend it on my own pleasure? Do I neglect any of my duties? Is there a more saving man in the whole village? If I now, for once, gratify a whim, are you going to distress and lecture me for weeks and months? It is the first time I have had a wish for nine years. I like these books, and could not resist buying them. You want a cow. I hear the Jew, Elias, talking to you every day of a different one, and you would like to have them all. Now, the smallest cow in the place costs a hundred and twenty francs at the lowest. Where is the money to come from? And then the provender?"

"As to the money," replied my wife, "I have put it aside, and the provender is in the store house of our little orchard behind the school."

I was quite astonished to hear we had so much money in the house; but Marie-Barbe was a saving wife—an excellent wife, unto whom I have always done justice, for she made me very happy—and when I found she had the money, I had no objection to her buying a cow. In families such as ours, milk, butter, cheese, and everything is always wanted, which articles are dear, and therefore I approved of the outlay.

"If that is the case," said I, "by all means settle matters. I am not averse to a cow, but I like books as well. Do as you like, only take care you are not imposed on by Elias. Jews are cunning and more knowing in cattle than we are. Look at our neighbour Bouveret; he has had to ask Elias to change his cow three times in six weeks, giving them ten and fifteen francs over at each change; his last is even worse than the first. Let this guide you; and, above all things, do not say any more to me about these books, which I could not do without, and would not give back for five times as much as they have cost."

At this Marie-Barbe seemed to quiet down. She was delighted I did not find

fault with her idea of a cow; and what I told her, besides, was perfectly true. With the exception of these two books, I had never made an extraordinary purchase.

Women are perspicacious, and my wife saw it would not do to worry me about them.

When I was alone in my top room that evening, while the children were still playing in the dining-room and my wife was busy with the supper things, I sat near the small lamp, with my elbows on the table, reading over the first pages of my dictionary. I went on with it in this manner for several years, being careful to verify all I read on the plates and on my herbal.

I now for the first time had a notion of what science is, by studying the classification of plants according to their organs, and not according to their names, as Monsieur Linnæus had done. I now for the first time comprehended that men should be classed according to their faculties, not their titles of princes, nobles, and *bourgeois*, which distinctions are not in nature, but simply the result of pride and human folly.

The plant that absorbs most air is superior to all others; the insect which inhales most life and power of locomotion is superior to others of its kind; and the man who feels most, who thinks and produces most and better than other men, who draws from his head and heart most strength, talent, courage, and will, should be classed according to the interests of mankind, and not by virtue of the rules of pride, selfishness, and greed.

I take it on myself to say that God, the Eternal Being, is of this mind; for thus He acts with regard to all living beings, from the blade of grass to the oak, and from the lowly worm to man himself. By the example He has given us He shows this to be His will, and everything desired or accomplished contrary to the same comes to nothing, but ends in anarchy, injustice, and in the misery of all for the benefit of a few.

I am aware that the majority will not believe a poor village master who is devoid of genius and authority; nevertheless, that does not prevent truth from being true, nor will it prevent anarchy and disorder from coming to an end, for everlasting order conquers all things in good time.

Justice proceeds from God, who never changes: we are to follow His example, and not acknowledge any other order than that which is based on justice.

No sooner was school over that winter than I used to go up-stairs, and in my own room read the splendid articles of Mon-

sieur de Jussieu or Monsieur George Cuvier on the subordination of organs, on respiration through the trachea or bronchia, and on circulation through the vessels of the heart or spine.

I learned likewise that all animals are organized on four great principles or plans, neither more nor less, and that these four plans are called types, or the four branches of the nervous system; thence proceed four different forms of life and thought here below.

Animals are divided into species, classes, and families, just as human beings are divided into nations. It takes a long period of time to create an organ, and centuries before these organs become perfect and extended among creatures of the same order.

But I perceive I am allowing myself to be led away by my ideas, and that this is not what I had to relate; besides, I have neither sufficient learning nor talent to discuss such sublime subjects, therefore I will go back to my own story, which is more in my own way.

What I can and ought, however, here to communicate, is, that study at the particular time alluded to did me much good. I felt my soul strengthened as I daily acquired a stronger conviction that the lesson to be learnt by all nature is justice, and that there is an imperishable existence which will finally ordain perfect order.

An incident that occurred this winter illustrated to me more fully how superior is the man who thinks, to beings who give themselves up to love of lucre, avarice, and their savage dispositions, like the Rantzau brothers, for instance.

Every week, when my wife came in with her provisions from grocer Claudel's, I used to find her soap and candles wrapped up in such beautifully printed paper that I thought one day of reading it. What was my astonishment to find whole quarters and halves of chapters on history, commerce, machinery, government, and everything; articles that were much better written and more instructive than the books approved of by Monsieur Frayssinous. I was completely taken by surprise, and after this had gone on for six or seven weeks, so utterly puzzled, that I put on my hat and called on Monsieur Claudel, who just happened to be in his shop dealing out treacle.

"Monsieur Claudel," said I, showing him the paper I held, "be so kind as to tell me where this comes from? My wife has for the last few weeks brought me sheets of this description from your shop. What

a pity it is, Monsieur Claudel! I am quite distressed about it."

"Oh," said he, putting down his tin pitcher; "that is a part of the library that belonged to the justice of peace, M. Lefranc, father-in-law, you know, to Monsieur Jean and Monsieur Jacques Rantzaun. He died last year, you know. He had a quantity of second-hand things, so I went up to see if there were any articles I wanted, and bought at his sale a whole lot of books at two sous per pound."

As Monsieur Claudel spoke thus, he smiled above his big spreading beard, and looked the picture of self-conceit, under the tuft of hair which he wore combed straight upright on his forehead, according to the fashion of the day.

"So you cut these books up?" I asked, letting my arms drop with surprise and indignation.

"Well, yes; I bought them for paper bags, and I make paper bags of them. Had it not been for the Savoyard who goes his rounds every year with a basket of books on his back, I should have had nearly all there was to sell at half-price; but he happened at that time to be at St. Quirin, and wanted his share, the rascal, he did! We had to divide, finally, between three: grocer Clairanval from Abrecheville, the pedlar, and myself. That Savoyard cost me at least fifty francs, for I may say I lost that much as I did not gain it; but I will serve him out some day! Now, just tell me, Monsieur Florent Renaud, are you not of opinion that large grocers, like myself, who pay wholesale patents, ought to be entitled to prevent such trundlers as that fellow from going about in the villages?"

"I really do not know," I replied, in perfect consternation. "Do you mean to tell me that the Rantzauns sold all those books by the pound? Did they keep nothing out of their father-in-law's library? M. Lefranc was a man of learning, one of the good old school; have they kept nothing at all?"

"The four thousand volumes all went—I believe, though . . . yes; Monsieur Jean kept the old man's Civil Code; Monsieur Jacques took the History of the Comtes of Dabo—the lords of this place, and I put aside a volume of old songs. You understand what sort I mean," he went on, with a wink, "snatches for shepherds and shepherdesses; they are comic, but they don't come up to Béranger; eh? Ha! ha! ha!"

When Monsieur Claudel laughed his mouth spread from ear to ear.

"But pray walk in, Monsieur Florent; it is cold in the shop, and as there are no

customers we shall be more comfortable by the stove."

"I don't feel cold, thank you," was my reply. "Could I not see the remainder of the books you still have left over, Monsieur Claudel?"

"Certainly. Why not? John Baptist, John Baptist!" he cried.

His boy came forward, with his mouth, as usual, wide open, but his mind was about as small as his master's; he was a perfect simpleton.

"John Baptist, take Monsieur Florent up to the loft: he wants to see our waste paper. You will open the shutter over the hole in the wall to let the light in. Do you hear me, John Baptist?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy; and he walked up-stairs in front of me, breathing hard through his nostrils as he went. I followed in a melancholy state of mind, thinking,—

"So they sold everything? Go and work your life out for such sons-in-law as that! If old justice of peace Lefranc could rise from the dead, he would curse them down to the sixth generation. And yet missionaries are sent out to China while we have savage barbarians at home by hundreds and thousands, men who would see all the great works of the human mind sold for two sous a pound: Buffon, Cuvier, Jussieu, the Encyclopedia, and all the libraries of Europe. God above! what have we come to? Still the reverend Jesuit fathers say there are too many people who know how to read now-a-days!"

As I thus sadly reflected we reached the loft. John Baptist took a kind of lid off the skylight, and I saw all the volumes in one corner, with their covers lying in a heap, and the cut paper in a high pile close by.

It made me feel sick; but I looked on in silence, and as John Baptist stood shivering in the cold, I told him I had seen enough, and we would go down again.

"Express my thanks to your master, John Baptist," I added.

When once down I left the house by the private door, preferring not to cross the shop, and then went straight home.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
BRANTOME.

THE remarkable and especially the durable popularity of the writings of a noticeable number of those authors who

were not professional penmen is a curious circumstance not unworthy of the consideration of those who are such. Of course it is not in the pages of the writers alluded to that correctness of style or the graces of orderly composition are to be looked for. And it is easy to point out how large a share the charm of these merits has in recommending a work to general acceptance. Nevertheless, some special charm of their own such works must have; for the fact of the special popularity of many belonging to this category during many generations of writers is undeniable.

Take, for instance, one of the most singular of the class — Brantôme. What is the merit that has caused and will cause his volumes to be printed again and again, and his name still to be a familiar one in men's mouths? His style is — especially in the eyes of an academy-ridden Frenchman — no style at all. His matter is very frequently most objectionable. His accuracy in the statement of matters of fact is exceedingly problematical. His gossip, hung together with hardly as much of consistence or order as that of beads on a thread, is scarcely more indebted to the art of composition than an auctioneer's catalogue. Nevertheless, there is the fact that for more than two centuries the works of the godless Abbé have lived and are likely to live. There is no reading man, to whom his name at least is not familiar; and there is no student of the period to which he belonged who has not been largely indebted to that speciality of his nature, which showed itself in what really hardly deserves a more respectful name than a *cacoëthes scribendi*. Anquetil, in his *Esprit de la Ligue*, says, in speaking of the first edition of Brantôme's works, that it was in twelve duodecimo volumes, that the publisher would never have printed them in pocket volumes, if it had not been felt that it was a book for the toilette and the promenade as much as for the library. And he adds, "the prevision was a just one, for Brantôme is everywhere. Everybody chooses to have read him." But this was written in the middle of the eighteenth century.

In the present day, when no life, let the hours of it be husbanded as skilfully and used as industriously as they may, can suffice to enable a man to deal with all that is worth reading of the current literature of the day, there must be thousands of reading men, very justly so called, who have never read, and will never read, Brantôme. And there must be many more thousands of ordinarily cultivated people,

who are likely to hear the old writer spoken of, without having the smallest idea whether he was a writer of songs or sermons, an archbishop or a field-marshal.

Perhaps, therefore, it may not be unacceptable to persons belonging to either of the above classes to hear who and what the Abbé de Brantôme was, what manner of man he was, and what manner of books he wrote.

Pierre de Bourdeille, Abbé et Siegneur de Brantôme, was born, in all probability, in 1540. The biographical dictionaries, and writers of similar notices, copying each other, state that he was born in 1527, thus making him eighty-seven at the time of his death on July 5th, 1614. But the comparison of several circumstances, which he mentions of himself in various parts of his works, with other facts, the dates of which are known with certainty, show this to be impossible, and indicate the year 1540 as that of his birth with a near approach to certainty. He was thus seventy-four when he died. Francis I. was King of France when he was born. He lived through the reigns of Henry II. (1547-1558), Francis II. (1559), Charles IX. (1560-1573), Henry III. (1574-1588), Henry IV. (1589-1610), and died in the fifth year of Louis XIII.

There is no more interesting period of modern history. Other epochs in the lives of the nations of modern Europe may have been more pregnant with events and changes exercising a wider influence over their future course and destinies. But none is equal to it in picturesque variety, and in that abounding movement and adventurousness (if the word may be allowed) which resulted from the stirring up of society from its profoundest depths by the advent and spread of new ideas and modes of thought. It was, says M. de Ba ante, "an age when chivalry, and the independent manners derived from it, had come to an end, while the obedience and regulated manners of modern times were not yet established; an age of disorder, in which character developed itself with freedom, in which vice cared neither to disguise nor to restrain itself; in which virtue was lovely because it existed by its own choice and maintained itself by its own strength; in which loyalty had vanished without any diminution of valour; in which religion was the pretext for a thousand cruelties without any hypocrisy on the part of the persecutors; an age which offers more of interest to history than any of those which have succeeded it."

And the charm and the value of Brantôme's books is that they paint this age for the reader,—"the very form and the pressure of the time," as no other writer has done it.

Brantôme may be said to have belonged to both the great professions, which mainly gave to that time its "form and pressure"—the Church and the Sword. The family of Bourdeille is one of the most ancient and most illustrious of Périgord. Writing, some time since, in these pages, of another notability of the same province—Michel de Montaigne—the author pointed to the remarkable manifestation in the old essayist of the special recognized characteristics of the Gascon race. Montaigne was said to be a Gascon of the Gascons. And now we have another Gascon, who no less notably illustrates the popular theory of the Gascon character and confirms the truth of the accepted dicta on the subject. Yet two more different men than Montaigne and Brantôme never lived; and it would be a monstrous injustice to the former to suggest for a moment that they belonged to the same category of human beings in any other respect than their common Gasconism. But Brantôme was also undoubtedly a Gascon of the Gascons. And the reader will mark, in the sequel, not without curiosity, the working of the same specialty of temperament in a very different character.

Charlemagne, journeying in the year 769, from *Équosinum* (Angoulême) to *Petrogroricum* (Périgueux), founded, on his way, a "Basilica" on the banks of the river Drome. And the record tells us that "locus, quo Basilica fundata est, Brantosmis dicitur." Now the seat of the De Bourdeille family was in that immediate neighbourhood, inasmuch that part of the lands of Brantôme belonged to them. Thus when Henry II. gave the Abbey of Brantôme to our author, then in his sixteenth year, the preferment was a very convenient one. The previous holder of it had been a bishop, and it gave the title of "Reverend father in God" to the possessor. Nobody seems, however, to have had any idea that there was any reason why the preferment should not be held by the young scion of the noble race of Bourdeille. And the sixteen-year-old Abbé thenceforward signed himself "in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation," "Le révérend pere en Dieu, Messire Pierre de Bourdeille, Abbé de Brantôme."

It will be understood from this that Brantôme was a name applicable to our author alone, and not to any other mem-

bers of his family. He had two brothers older than himself, François Viscomte de Bourdeille and Jean de Bourdeille. But they had nothing to do with the name which their younger brother has rendered so celebrated.

The young Pierre de Bourdeille, at a very early age, before he had yet become Abbé de Brantôme, lived as page to Marguerite de Valois, Queen of Navarre. And, it may be, that what he saw and heard in her court, gave that tinge of a love of literature to his mind, which showed itself, after many years, in leading him to turn author in his old age. It is probable enough also that he may then have been imbued with the first lessons of that morality which is so conspicuous a feature in his character as he himself has painted it for us. For although Margaret patronized learning and learned men, and especially received with marked favour the professors of the newly-reformed faith—so much so as to have herself laboured under grave suspicion of heresy—yet her life and the manner of it was about as far as it well could be from any savour of the austerity which characterized at least the professions of the reformers.

After the death of his patroness the ex-page went to pursue his studies at Paris. He did not, however, finish the university course there, but was removed for the completion of it to Poitiers, about the year 1555; as appears from one of his reminiscences of that *bon vieux temps*, which is too characteristic of it to be omitted.

At that time, as the reader of course knows, the religious differences between the Catholics and the Huguenots were running high, and the whole body of French society was entirely divided between the two parties, between whom the division was as strongly political as religious. Now at Poitiers, "those of the Religion," as the phrase was, mustered strong. And, of course, the division was as violent among the scholars of the university as in any other part of the social world. The ladies were there, as elsewhere among the most violent partisans—as was to be expected—in a matter of religion. And among the most zealous of the fair devotees of the new faith in all Poitiers at that time was the wife of an advocate of the city, known then to all Poitiers, and since, to readers of the memoirs of the time, as La belle Gotterelle, by reason of her excellent beauty. What Lawyer Gotterelle's religious predilections were cannot be told: for he does not at all appear in the story. It may be conjectured, how-

ever, that La belle Gotterelle's zeal in behalf of her favourite creed moved her to act in a manner that was not well calculated to make her husband look favourably on the side she espoused. In a word, La belle Gotterelle was an universal toast among the scholars, and it was well known among them that the fair Huguenote was neither a Lucretia, nor unkind . . . to those of the true faith. All the sweetest things might be whispered in her pretty ear, and find her cold as snow—a veritable Diana to the whisperer, if he came not furnished with the true Open Sesame, in the shape of the “mot du presche,”—the text of the last sermon at the reformed church. To the youths of the true faith, who could give that proof of their orthodoxy and their devotion, La belle Gotterelle had nothing to refuse! Nor, it would seem, was her zeal without its success, for Brantôme declares that he knew several among the scholars of the university who frequented the Huguenot preachings for the sake of the reward.

Brantôme, some little time before his death, composed an epitaph, which he directed should be engraved on his tombstone; and which contains a summary of his entire biography. It would be worth transcribing, for the sake of the naïve and unblushing vaingloriousness of it, were it not that it is exceedingly long, and that the facts it records are entirely devoid of interest. He complains in it that other courtiers received more reward in honours and profit than he did, “though they were not equal to him (himself that is), nor ever surpassed him in valour or in merit.” He concludes by bidding the passer-by go on his way, and “leave to repose, him, who in his lifetime never had any, nor ease, nor pleasure, nor contentment. God be praised, nevertheless, for all, and for his Holy Grace.”

Brantôme's life, in a word, was alternately that of a courtier in the courts of some of the most worthless sovereigns who ever disgraced a throne, and that of a military adventurer in various lands, till, having taken offence at being disappointed in obtaining a favour from Henry III., he threw up his position of gentleman of the chamber; and was on the point of joining the rebel League, when he was saved from so rash a step by a bad fall from his horse, the consequences of which kept him confined to his bed for the next four years. From that time forward to his death, he lived in retirement on his estate, occupying himself in managing the affairs of his sister-in-law, the widow of his eldest brother

(one main part of such management consisting in keeping pretenders to the widow's hand at a distance, and preventing her from marrying again), and in writing the books which have made his name celebrated. These, which were all left by him in MS., consisted of the following works:—

The Lives of the Illustrious Men and Great Captains of Foreign Countries; dedicated in a letter dated March 31, 1604, to Margaret, the first wife of Henry IV.

The Lives of the Illustrious Men and Great Captains of France.

The Lives of Illustrious Ladies, both French and Foreign.

The Lives of Women of Gallantry. This last work was dedicated to Francis, Duke of Alençon, who died the 10th of June, 1584. And it would seem, therefore, to have been written before the others.

Memoires of Messiere Pierre de Bourdeille, Seigneur of Brantôme, containing anecdotes connected with duels at the Court of France under the kings Henry II., Francis II., Henry III., and Henry IV.

It is odd that Charles IX. is omitted from this list. M. Monmerqué, the excellent and most competent editor of the best edition of our author's works, thinks that the above title was the work of the first publisher, and that the omission was a mistake which Brantôme himself would never have made.

Spanish Rodomontades and Pleasant Incidents. Dedicated, this also, to Marguerite, the wife of Henry IV.

Certain translations from *Lucan*, to which, says M. Monmerqué, Brantôme attached, notwithstanding their mediocrity, sufficient importance to dedicate them pompously to the Queen.

Fragments of a Life of François de Bourdeille, his father.

A Funeral Oration on Madame de Bourdeille, his sister-in-law; together with a dialogue in verse, entitled, *The Tomb of Madame de Bourdeille*, and another piece in prose on the same subject.

It is by virtue of these writings that Brantôme's name has lived and will continue to live. His doings in the world were of small importance in his own age; and of neither importance nor interest in this. What he *was*, it is still interesting to know and understand, for he was a specially good specimen of his age and country; and this his writings very vividly depict for us.

It might be supposed that a man who had lived such a life as that of Brantôme

—the life of a courtier, of a soldier, and of a man of pleasure, in such an age as his—would not have attached any importance to writings which had been merely the *pis-aller* consolation of years that he would fain have spent otherwise had he been able to do so. But any one who formed such an opinion would have reckoned without taking into consideration the peacock-like Gascon vanity of the author. Here is his own estimate of these writings and of the importance of them, amusingly indicated by a passage from his exceedingly long last will and testament. It was what was called in those days a “testament mystique,” a form of proceeding said to have been especially prevalent in the south of France. The *mystery* of a “testament mystique” consisted in the fact that nobody save the testator knew anything of the contents of it, till it was opened after his death. Instead of calling a lawyer in the usual way to draw up the instrument, the testator wrote his wishes and intentions himself, and then folded and sealed the paper. And its legal force and validity depended on his delivery of the document so sealed to a notary public with the witnessed declaration that the paper so handed to the keeping of the notary contained his last will and testament.

Here is that portion of Brantôme's will which concerns his writings:—

“I will also and expressly charge my heirs, that they cause to be printed the books which I have composed by my talent and invention, which will be found covered with velvet, either black, green, or blue, and one larger volume, which is that of The Ladies, covered with green velvet, and another, which is that of the Rodomontades, covered with velvet gilt outside, and curiously bound, which are all carefully corrected. There will be found in these books excellent things, such as stories, histories, discourses, and witty sayings, which I flatter myself the world will not disdain to read when once it has had a sight of them.” (True enough!) “I direct that a sum of money be taken from my estate sufficient to pay for the printing thereof, which certainly cannot be much; for I have known many printers who would have given money rather than charged any for the right of printing them. They print many things without charge which are not at all equal to mine. I will also that the said impression shall be in large and handsome type, in order to make the better appearance, and that they should appear with the Royal Privilege, which the King

will readily grant. Also, care must be taken that the printer do not put on the title page any supposititious name instead of mine. Otherwise I should be defrauded of the glory which is my due.”

This curious peep into the inmost recesses of our author's mind is specially suggestive when considered with reference to the nature of the works whose diffusion he was so anxious to secure. More than one moralist, in speaking of the responsibilities of the pen, has warned authors that it would be well for them so to write, that they should wish no page of theirs to be cancelled, when Conscience should be summing the works of a lifetime at its close. And they have fondly imagined that such a consideration would suffice to check licentious pens. Yet here we have a writer, a large portion of whose works are almost unparalleled in their cynical licentiousness, who, shortly before he quits the world, takes special care for the preservation and publication of these shameless writings! Not a free-thinker, a materialist who believed in no future, or a Gallo who cared for none of these things! Had Brantôme been such the case would have been far less strange and curious. But our author had not the smallest doubt that he was a good Catholic and a good Christian! He would have told you that he believed implicitly all that the Church bade him to believe. And nothing is more clear than that his conscience was as void of offence in writing what has offended so many, as it might have been had he left nothing but sermons behind him! And herein lies the special interest attaching to him as a representative man of the time in which he lived.

M. de Barante well says of him that “he expresses the entire character of his country and of his profession. Careless of the difference between good and evil; a courtier who has no idea that anything can be blameworthy in the great, but who sees and narrates their vices and their crimes all the more frankly in that he is not very sure whether what he tells be good or bad; as indifferent to the honour of women as he is to the morality of men; relating scandalous things with no consciousness that they are such, and almost leading his reader into accepting them as the simplest things in the world, so little importance does he attach to them; terming that Louis XI., who poisoned his brother, the *good* King Louis; calling women, whose adventures could hardly have been written by any pen save his own, ‘*honnêtes dames*’; careless as to any

great exactitude in his relations,* but painting them vigorously with the true general colouring of the times, . . . what he relates, and still more the manner in which he relates it, makes us live in the very midst of that age."

With regard to the phrase, remarked on by Barante above, which in truth Brantôme uses so constantly, that when a "*belle et honnête dame*" is spoken of, you are sure that some abomination is coming, it is worthy of notice that he never styles such ladies "*vertueuses*." And he seems to use the word "*honnête*" much in the sort of sense in which a three-bottle man was styled "an honest fellow" in the days of our grandfathers.

The following remarks of Anquetil † are worth citing in illustration and completion of those of M. de Barante:—

"In reading Brantôme," he says, "a problem presents itself which is difficult of solution. It is very common to find this author joining together the most contradictory ideas in point of morals. Sometimes he will represent a woman as abandoned to the most shameless libertinage, and then will end by saying that she was discrete and a good Christian. Similarly of a priest, a monk, or of any other ecclesiastic, he will relate anecdotes more than licentious, and then will wind up his mention of them by saying, very seriously, that the person in question lived a good and regular life, and was a respectable churchman. Almost all his works are full of such contradictions, which leads me to propound this question. Was Brantôme a libertine, who was only mocking at religion when he affects to speak thus; or was he one of those whom the world considers amiably thoughtless, and who, without principles, and without intention, confound vice and virtue together?"

Brantôme writes and writes constantly in the manner which so puzzles the grave, but somewhat dull, historian. But Anquetil, in the naïve statement of his difficulty, shows less knowledge of the time when Brantôme lived, than is becoming in an historian. The courtier of Charles IX. and Henry III.—the reverend father in God, who lived the vagabond life of an adventure-seeking swashbuckler, had sim-

ply no conception that religion had aught to do with restraining such conduct as he describes. If a man or a woman was not a Huguenot, went to mass, had the proper sacraments at proper time and place, they were, to all intents and purposes, good Christians. And in taking this view of the matter, Brantôme was neither a hypocritical nor even a careless speaker. He fully supposed and believed such to be the case. And as for any sort of sentiment as to the real moral and spiritual nature of the debaucheries he describes, you might as well have expected it from an ape or a pig. The social atmosphere in which he lived made it impossible that his mind should conceive any such ideas.

Le Laboureur, writing about a hundred years before Anquetil, in the middle of the seventeenth century that is, says of Brantôme that the fault of having written such a book as his *Dames Galantes* must be explained by the corruption of the court of his day, "of which one might tell far more terrible histories than those which he has narrated." And Le Laboureur was a man who knew what he was talking about in that matter.

As a specimen of the sort of magic-lantern-like peeps into the past one gets from Brantôme, and of the way he has of painting a scene with a slight and easy but happy word or two, here is a peep at the celebrated Chancellor de l'Hôpital,—a man who was as much out of his place in that age as Brantôme was in and of it:—

"Another Cato he was," says Brantôme, "who knew right well how to censure and correct the corrupt world. He had all the look of it too, with his great white beard, his pale face, and his grave manners, which made him look like a veritable portrait of St. Jerom; so much so, indeed, that many at Court called him so! Everybody was afraid of him; and, above all, the magistrates, of whom he was the chief. I remember at Moulins once, I had asked M. d'Estrozze,* who was a favourite of his, to speak to him about some business of mine, which he despatched for me at once, and kept Strozzi and me to dine with him. We dined very well, we three alone at table in his chamber with him. He gave us nothing but *bouilli*, though; for that was his ordinary fare at dinner. But all dinner-time there was nothing but fine

* The best critics, however, seem to concur in thinking that Brantôme may be relied upon as truthful with regard to those things which he represents himself as having seen or known of his own personal knowledge; his untrustworthiness as an authority being confined to the many cases in which his statements are prefaced by "I have heard," or "It is said."

† *Esprit de la Ligue*, tom. i. p. 32. Edit. 1767.

* This is the fashion in which he Frenchifies the name of Pietro Strozzi, the son of the celebrated Filippo Strozzi, who after his father's death in prison sought and found a career and fortune in France.

discourses, *beaux mots*, and beautiful sentences, which came out of the mouth of this great personage, with now and then a pleasant word of jest. After dinner he was told that two magistrates, who had received nominations of President and Councillor, were waiting to be admitted by him into their appointments. He ordered them to be at once shown in, but did not rise or move an inch from his chair to receive them. They were shaking in their shoes like leaves in the wind. He had a great book brought in and placed upon the table; opened it himself, and pointing to certain passages, called on them to explain them, and reply to his questions upon them. They answered so stupidly and so wide of the mark that they kept contradicting themselves, and did not know what to say; in such sort, that he was obliged to give them a lecture, and telling them that they were but asses, bid them go back to the schools again. Strozzi and I were sitting in the chimney-corner the while, and saw all the wry faces they made, and the fright of the poor devils, who looked for all the world like men going to be hanged. We laughed our fill under the chimney. When they had gone out the Chancellor turned to us and said, 'They are a pretty pair of asses; it ought to lie heavy on the King's conscience to give magistracies to such people.' Strozzi and I said to him, 'Possibly, monsieur, you gave them nuts to crack too hard for their teeth?' Whereupon he laughed and said, 'By your leave, gentlemen, they were very small matters I asked them, and things which they ought to have known.' That will show," concludes Brantôme, "how ignorance fared before this great Chancellor—why the men stood like malefactors before him!"

Here is a little trait of the great Constable de Montmorency, which gives a completing touch to the many characters historians have drawn of him, but which assuredly might be sought in vain in any other pages than those of our gossiping author. Brantôme is remarking that he was such an excellent Christian, and "never failed to maintain Christianity in himself as long as he lasted, never derogating from it." He tells many stories of his unbridled violence, tyranny, and injustice with unqualified admiration; but "he never failed to say and keep up (*entretenir*) his paternosters every morning, whether he remained in the house, or went out to the field, to the army. So that it was a common saying among the soldiers,

that one must beware of the paternosters of the Constable. For as disorders were very frequent, he would say, while mumbling and muttering his paternosters all the time, 'Go and fetch that fellow, and hang me him up to this tree!' 'Out with a file of harquebusiers here before me this instant for the execution of this man!' 'Burn me this village instantly!' 'Cut me to pieces at once all these villain peasants, who have dared to hold this church against the King!' And all this without ever ceasing from his paternosters till he had finished them,—thinking that he would have done very wrong to put them off to another time; so conscientious was he!"

There is a little anecdote of Bayard, the "Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche," which, despite the abundance of record we have of Bayard, the reader will thank Brantôme for having preserved. It was at the retreat of Rebec, so disastrous for France, that Bayard was killed, shot by an harquebuse in the back while protecting the retreat. He had been helped to dismount, and was lying under a tent, which the courtesy of Pescara, the general on the Spanish side, had ordered to be placed over him while he died. And as he thus lay, the renegade Constable Bourbon, who was fighting in the ranks of the enemy, passed by and said, "Ah, M. de Bayard, in truth I am sorry for you!" To which the dying hero replied, "For the love of Heaven, monsieur, do not be sorry for me. I am dying for my king and for my faith. Be sorry for yourself; you are fighting against your faith and against your king!" Bourbon hung his head and passed on without another word.

These are the sort of little incidents with which Brantôme's pages are filled; and it will be readily believed that, as M. de Barante says, they do more to give the reader a living and vividly-coloured picture of his times than any other writer who can be named. Brantôme's French, though not difficult, would perhaps be found somewhat puzzling by those who have been accustomed to no French save that of the great period of French literature. It does not follow that you would understand Brantôme because you can read Voltaire without difficulty. But the difficulty of some passages here and there in the pages of the gossiping old soldier in retirement, arises as much from his extreme carelessness as from the archaisms of his style. The progress which the language made in the half century before Brantôme wrote was immense; and a very little practice will

enable a tolerable French scholar to read him readily.

Most of the writers, who have belonged to the category to which Brantôme belongs, in so far as they have been gossips, chatting to the reader of anything and everything that was in their minds, without any literary pretence, telling their anecdotes for the mere pleasure of telling them, have become, and have held their place as personal favourites with the world of readers. They have been, or at all events have given the world the impression that they were not only pleasant but amiable men — men whom one would have liked to know, and have loved as friends. But it must be owned that Brantôme is not of this number. His writings do not leave the impression that he was a loveable man. Nor is the picture of the old man in his retirement, painting to the life an age and a society in which it was pollution to have lived, a pleasing one. His absurdly exaggerated vanity took the form of extreme selfishness, and of a sore discontent, which continually complained that the treatment the world had given him fell very short of what his merit deserved. The vain-gloryousness which was the master passion of his nature, he considered to be, and is constantly calling his "grandeur d'âme." And this "grandeur d'âme" continually led him to imagine that *his* rights, *his* dignity, *his* interests were not sufficiently deferred to by those around him. He was continually engaged in lawsuits with those around him, and these, together with his cares for the keeping away of suitors from his sister-in-law, seem to have divided his time with his books. He was constantly at law with the monks of his Abbey of Brantôme. He instituted a suit against his neighbour, the Seigneur de Contanho. He went to law with three different people, because they refused to swear *foi et hommage* to him as their seigneur; and with respect to one of these he orders by his will that his heirs shall pursue the offender to the utmost, and disinherit any one of them who shall fail to do so; "it not being reasonable," says the will, "to leave this little wretch at rest, who descends from a low family, and whose grandfather was nothing but a notary."

This will is altogether a singular specimen of pride and self-love. Fearing to be neglected in his old age, he disinherits beforehand any of his nephews who shall have ill-treated or neglected him, or not made much of him, and aided him with

good offices and kindnesses. He adds this clause, which, Monmerqué says, would alone suffice to characterize the man: "If perchance I should come to have or receive any injury, offence, or insult, as, for example, an attempt against my life, either by any member of my own family or by a stranger, on which, by reason of the weakness and feebleness of age, I might be unable to revenge myself, I will and intend that my nephews and nieces, or their husbands, shall pursue and take vengeance in every respect the same as I should have done in my green and vigorous youth, during which I may boast, and I thank God for it, that I never received an injury without being revenged or the author of it. And those of my heirs male, or the husbands of my female heirs, who shall neglect the said vengeance, and shall not perform it either by arms or by legal means, shall by this my will be cut off from receiving any portion of my said property; and all shall go to those who shall take vengeance for me. And if all of them, which I cannot believe, shall fail in this duty, then I will that all my property should go to the poor, and to the Hôtel Dieu at Paris."

A codicil to the same instrument, executed on October 5th, 1613, appoints his niece the Countess of Duretal his executor, charging her with the duty of publishing his manuscripts. But the Countess and her advisers found this rather a difficult task for a lady to perform, considering the nature of a portion of the writings; and Madame de Duretal contented herself with preserving her uncle's manuscripts in the library of the family château. Moreover, when at a later day they were printed, it was impossible to obtain that *Privilege du Roi*, which their author fancied would have been given so readily. They were printed for the first time in nine pocket volumes, in the Elzevir type, by the brothers Steucker at the Hague, but with the name of Samix and the date Leyden on the title page. A new edition was published at the Hague in 1740, in fifteen pocket volumes of the Elzevir size. Sundry re-impressions have been published from these two editions. And in 1787 Bastien printed an edition in eight volumes, 8vo., at Paris, but it was merely a reprint from that of 1740. By far the best edition of Brantôme's works now is that of Foucault, Paris, 1822, in seven volumes 8vo., which was printed to form a continuation to the Petitot collection of *Memoires pour servir à l'Histoire de France*.

From The Economist.
THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

THE death of the Emperor Napoleon throws a flood of light upon his later life. It was in 1868 that he first began perceptibly to lose confidence in himself, to shrink from the responsibility of his own power, and to desire if means might be found to transmute his Cæsarism into Constitutional Monarchy. Observers imagined that he was alarmed by the progress of Prussia, and the foreseen necessity of embarking on a new and a great campaign; and no doubt the success of Prince Bismarck's policy did weigh upon his mind and disturb his judgment, but, as is now perceived, there was another cause. He had been attacked by a malady, which, besides threatening the constitution, exerts a singular power over the mind, frequently depriving it of nervous strength, of energy, and of the capacity of resolution. It was as a victim to incipient stone that the Emperor formed the Ollivier ministry and his new plan of Government, and many of his delays, hesitations, and vacillations, together with the febrile irritability with which he pressed forward his idea of a new plebiscite, may be attributed to the growing, though secret, influence of his malady. Under its influence he ceased to be able to examine into details, lost his confidence in old friends, and began to indulge in the despondency which sent him in 1870 to the field a man beaten in advance. He lost the inclination to take the trouble to select new men who had become indispensable, and to bear with men who had independent opinions, or opinions hostile to his own. When during the campaign his exertions increased his complaint, he had no longer the energy to direct; and when at Sedan a tremendous effort might have saved him, he had not the physical power to make it, or even to entertain strongly the idea of making it. His later failures were in fact the results of his physical condition, or at all events so far the results of it, that it is impossible to form a just conception of the degree to which his original powers had been impaired.

In spite of his failure, and of the stream of contemporary thought, which is greatly influenced by the misfortunes that failure brought on France, we believe those powers to have been very considerable. Napoleon the Third, though not a great administrator—a function for which he was too indolent—was perhaps the most reflective and insightful, not far-sighted, of the modern statesmen of France. He perceived years before other men the spell

which the name of his uncle threw over the Frenchmen who had forgotten the disasters of 1815. He comprehended years before other men that the peasantry were the governing body, and would, if secured in their properties, adhere firmly to any strong Executive. He understood the latent power existing in the idea of nationalities years before old diplomatists could see in it anything but a dream. He was aware of the resources which might be developed by a Free-trade policy before a single politician in France had realized the first principles of economic finance. Alone among French politicians he contrived to conciliate the Papacy, or rather to master it, without breaking with the Republicans, and alone among Frenchmen he ventured to declare that England was the best ally France could have. Whenever his brain could work freely without necessity for previous labour he was a clear-sighted statesman, and it was only when a subject had to be learned up, like the condition of the Northern States of the Union or the organization of Prussia, that his mental power became useless or even deceptive. We are by no means convinced that had he not gone to war his new Constitution would have failed, for it would have given France her freedom, and yet allowed, through the plebiscite, of the occasional revolutions which France from time to time will always demand. A new generation of men would have come forward, and would have exercised the power which the Emperor, pressed by pain, by despondency, and by indolence, no longer desired to wield. He had perceived long before his great adherents that Frenchmen were tired of compression, and the violence of the expansion was due in great measure to his decaying energy and resolution. Up to the day of his death he could still be resolved, but it was only in the passive way—the way possible to a man not required to do anything but sit quietly in an arm-chair and weigh advice. The effect of his bodily health is an argument to the discredit not the credit of personal government, but it must be considered in any just estimate of the Emperor's mental power. We do not expect from M. Thiers the pliability of a young man, nor is it fair to expect from a middle-aged Emperor, tortured with the stone, the serene reflectiveness of a political philosopher.

It is too early yet to discuss frankly the character of the Emperor, but as we have indicated the greatest of his mental powers—cool and broad political insight—we

may also indicate the greatest of his mental defects as a politician. He had, we think, an incapability, almost beyond precedent, of securing competent agents. He never discovered a great soldier. He never found out a great statesman. He never secured a great financier. Only two of his agents — M. de Morny and M. Pietri — can be pronounced first-rate men of any kind, and the mass of them could hardly be classed as fourth-rate or fifth-rate men. This was the more remarkable because he himself was not unpleasant to his people, not capricious, not exacting, not disposed to change; and as France is full of able men only too anxious to serve, it must have been due to some want in his own mind — a want which is by no means easy to understand. Mere want of insight into individual character does not explain the failure, for that would leave promotion open to everybody, and consequently leave to the able all their chances unimpaired. Mere indolence does not explain it, for amidst the 500,000 officials employed in France it does not take very much trouble to pick out a few strong men; and mere carelessness does not explain it, for the Emperor was well aware how badly he was sometimes served. It is difficult, considering the wealth of intellect in France, to doubt that the Emperor had the foible of men whose position is slightly uncertain, that he was jealous of very able persons, particularly if they were statesmen; regarded all such as his uncle regarded Moreau — as possible rivals and successors. Such men are usually independent, and he wanted his agents to obey. Such men in France argue well, and the Emperor was not good at debate either in public or private. Such men above all, if Frenchmen, are anxious to make their personality felt, and the Emperor could not bear that any personality should be felt except his own, lest it should attract the regard of a population accustomed to raise its favourites to the top. It was this feeling which induced him twice to accompany his armies, though he knew he was no soldier, and so secure that no general should obtain the suffrages of the army. It was this feeling which made him close up so many political careers, till it became nearly impossible for an able man in France to manifest his ability, and this feeling which induced him to prefer mere red tapists in the War Department, where he never but once had a first-rate man, Marshal Niel, who was practically nominated by the army. Above all it was this feeling, greatly exasperated by disease, which induced

him to underrate his own position, and doubt whether without victory he could retain his hold on France. There is not a doubt that, if he had remained quiet, the peasantry and the army would have remained true to him; but he could not with his morbid sense of insecurity, irritated to madness by disease, believe the truth, and therefore he fell. We shall, as time goes on and memoirs appear, know much more of Napoleon III. than we do now, but we believe, when all is known, the world will decide that his grand merit as a politician was a certain clearness of insight, and that his grand defect was self-distrust, leading to jealous impatience of capacities unlike or superior to his own. To declare him a great man may be impossible in the face of his failures, but to declare him a small one is ridiculous. Small men dying in exile do not leave wide gaps in the European political horizon.

From The Saturday Review.
OVERWORK.

EVERY one who has had much to do with schoolboys or undergraduates is aware of a pleasant fiction which is current amongst them, but which receives still more credit from their mothers and sisters. A young gentleman whose face is rather pale, whose hand shakes more than is fitting at his time of life, and who has a generally dilapidated appearance at the end of term, is apt to ascribe those symptoms to the superhuman efforts which he has made in passing the Littlego. He throws out dark hints about the necessity of fastening a wet towel round his head, and supporting his nervous system by copious draughts of green tea. His female relatives naturally sympathize, and regard examiners as stony-hearted inflictors of tortures upon the young. The more experienced and impartial observer is apt to be sceptical. It is indeed true that some young men have injured their constitutions, and probably more are likely to suffer the same injury, under the influence of competitive examinations. But it is also true that in a majority of cases the fiction is tolerably transparent to the young gentleman's college acquaintance. Overwork is sometimes a simple appeal for compassion; its supposed victim is merely acting the part of pallid student to impress the audience at home. More frequently it is a delicate periphrasis for other evils of a less pre-

sentable nature. Its sufferer may be imputing to intellectual exertion what is really due to a misguided passion for supper-parties and to nights spent in devotion to loo. In short, overwork is a highly convenient veil to throw over the innumerable methods in which a youth may injure his constitution. If the physical mischiefs produced by excessive study could be fairly compared with the mischiefs produced by other causes, we have a shrewd suspicion that their sum total would be infinitely less than is generally supposed. We may say pretty confidently, from a tolerably wide experience, that the number of victims to overwork is utterly insignificant compared with the number of victims from other causes, and with the number of cases in which the excuse is imposed upon soft-hearted relations.

What is true of undergraduates is at least equally true in later life. Most men, as they grow older, grow lazier, and at the same time become more accomplished hypocrites. For both reasons they acquire greater skill in imposing upon themselves and others. A young man brought up in happy ignorance of physiological laws, and placed under the stimulus of a competition whose importance he grossly exaggerates, does occasionally take liberties with his constitution. When he becomes conscious of his digestive apparatus, he grows more cautious, and is less accessible to excitement. He cannot be ridiculed by his companions, and he becomes an adept in the art of self-flattery. Everybody likes to think that he is making superhuman exertions, and his wife and family accept his theories much more readily than his tutors and competitors. And thus, when some eminent man breaks down under the strain of his labours, there is immediately a chorus of hard-working people who are ready to exclaim Yes, we are all breaking down. The cry is taken up by the newspapers, and we are treated to eloquent sermons upon the terrible excitement and the incessant wear and tear of modern life. We are living too fast, burning the candle at both ends, and exhausting our nervous systems under the incessant pressure of our struggle for existence. How much of all this is genuine? and how much is merely the repetition in later life, and with greater affectation of solemnity, of the old undergraduate pretence that we are being overworked, when in reality we are only wanting to excite a little domestic pity?

That a great deal of this lamentation is mere pretence will probably be acknowledged by any one who fairly examines the

cases of his acquaintance. A gentleman has a comfortable breakfast; he goes to his chambers or his office, and returns to a late dinner. He does no work afterwards, and has plenty of time for a good sleep. His whole time for active work is comprised, say, between 10 A.M. and 6 P.M. From that must be deducted the time spent in luncheon, in gossiping, in the intervals between different pieces of business, and in all other interruptions. If he has been actually employed upon any serious intellectual labour for six or seven hours in the day, he has probably done as much as most men; and of this again a very large part is in most cases of a purely routine character. If a man who keeps himself up to this standard does not get from six weeks' to two months' holiday in the year, he considers himself to be cruelly injured, and immediately complains that he is being worked to death. One hears such complaints from many men who, if surprised in the hours of what they call business, are as often as not reading the newspaper, or perhaps making believe to read it. An energetic man will frequently contrive to cram into the hours which are allowed to run to waste by his friends, work enough to win literary or scientific reputation as a voluntary addition to his other labours. As very few men have the necessary taste for such supererogatory performances, we may fairly assume that their burden is not heavier than human nature may fairly be expected to bear. It is of course true that there are many exceptions to this rule. There are barristers in large practice who have to begin the study of their briefs at five in the morning; physicians who cannot call any hour of the day or night their own; and Ministers whose labours, sufficiently severe in themselves, are only suspended whilst they breathe the unhealthy air of the House of Commons. But such cases, though positively numerous, are relatively a very small minority. Few members of Parliament are unable to spare time for society, for sport, for travelling, or for a thousand other modes of time-killing. The vast majority of professional men are far more apt to complain of the absence of work than of its excessive supply. For one barrister whose table is groaning under an accumulation of briefs, there are a hundred whose absence from chambers, though a subject of regret to their friends, would be accepted with surpassing equanimity by attorneys and by the public at large. The overwork of which we complain, so far as it really exists, is the result of a social

system which accumulates duties upon a few, to leave the mass at complete leisure. Of the few, again, it must be added that a majority have no heavier burdens than they can fairly carry. The longevity of successful lawyers is notorious. We need not give instances of the many successful men who have been hard at work from early manhood to old age; of whom the chief complaint is that their appetite for work survives their capacity for doing it satisfactorily. With such men it must be supposed that hard work has been rather healthy than otherwise; and thus the actual sufferers are reduced to the minority of a minority. They are the few men whose intellectual force is disproportioned to their physical strength, and who have not self-restraint enough to decline duties for which they are fitted in every respect but constitutional power. Some such men doubtless break down every now and then, and the sympathy which their cases excite provokes others to exhibit themselves in the same amiable character. We all like to be martyrs, especially when the fire exists only in imagination.

The complaint of overwork, when it has some genuine foundation, is generally founded upon a misconception. There is undoubtedly a very real and not uncommon evil which is described under this name. Two men of equal strength may be doing the same amount of actual work, and yet the one may be killing himself, whilst the other finds his duties mere child's play. The reason is, of course, that one man's work is productive of anxiety, whilst the other's may be merely soothing. A speculator may spend a very few hours in anything that can be called business, but the difficulty is that he cannot leave his business behind him. Anxiety about money is the most deadly of all troubles. When a man commits suicide, it is far less reasonable, according to the old proverb, to ask, Who is she? than to ask, How much is it? Business which keeps a man in a constant oscillation between ruin and a fortune, which follows him home and prevents him from sleeping, is incomparably more trying than almost any quantity of downright steady work. The Stock Exchange at New York must fill lunatic asylums more quickly than all the most laborious Universities in Germany, England, and America. A professor may labour at the collation of manuscripts, or even at the search for the Absolute, for fifteen hours a day, and be all the better for it; a third of the time spent in studying the ups and downs of Erie

Railroad shares, and staking money on the result, would qualify him for a strait-waistcoat or a halter in a year. As, however, speculation has a comparatively discreditable sound, the evils which it produces are very frequently placed to the account of its more respectable rival, straightforward industry. We choose, in one form or another, to spend a great part of our time at the gaming-tables which exist in an infinite variety of forms in every capital in the world, and then complacently complain that we have injured ourselves by over application to our duties.

As a rule, therefore, we should say that the complaints of overwork are amongst the most flimsy of all the excuses set up by men for the evils which they bring upon themselves. Very few people really work hard; and when they do, it generally agrees with them. Directly or indirectly, idleness does fifty times as much mischief, for the best cure for the love of excitement is steady application. A vast amount of good pity is thrown away in the world; and, instead of solemnly warning our friends not to do too much, we should find it simpler to refuse the indirect compliment for which they are manoeuvring, and advise them to relax their minds by a little strenuous activity. When the danger really exists it may generally be remedied rather by redistributing the burden than by diminishing it. A very slight physical exertion may injure a man for life, if only he undertakes it in the wrong way. Try to lift a thousand pounds weight by a sudden jerk, and you may probably break a bloodvessel. Divide the weight into ten portions, and lift each calmly by itself, and the exercise may do you good. Run a mile after a hearty meal, and you may be injured for life; walk ten miles a day, and you may materially improve your health. The same principle is applicable to intellectual labour. To lay down any general rules is impossible, because constitutions vary infinitely. One man requires twice as much sleep as another; one man can do work before breakfast when another finds it answer better to sit up at night, and so on. A few practical rules will be learnt by practice. The *Lancet*, for example, in a sensible paper on the subject, remarks upon the importance for men who work at night of having a white, powerful, and steady light concentrated upon their papers; flickering and diffused light being one of the most serious causes of brain irritation. Good food, with a moderate supply of stimulants, and a final pipe before turning into bed, is a comfortable

recommendation of the same authority; whilst, of course, excess in tobacco and alcohol is a constant cause of the incapacity for sleep which is often complacently attributed to overwork. The rule is, in short, that a man should take care that he gets good sleep and keeps his digestion in order. A little unprejudiced observation of his own symptoms will teach a man of ordinary sense how to keep himself in health; and, by a judicious arrangement of his time and habits, he will find that he can do as much work with perfect impunity as will serve him, if he so pleases, with an admirable excuse for committing suicide and becoming a text for leading articles. It is not overwork that should be denounced, but the bad habits for which work is made to serve as an excuse. Eat too much, drink too much, smoke too much, and do everything in a hurry and at the wrong time, and five hours a day may send you to an early grave. Show a little common sense, and without injuring your health you may be as voluminous an author as Voltaire, or do as much legal or official work as the most industrious Minister or barrister of the day, and see your children's children, and laugh at the degeneracy of the rising generation in the twentieth century.

From The Spectator.

DR. CARPENTER ON MENTAL ACQUISITION AND INHERITANCE.

DR. CARPENTER, whose physiological and psychological essays are always instructive, and who would be more nearly the popular physiologist he deserves to be than he is, if he did not vindicate so pertinaciously his own claim, — though not forgetting, we admit, the claim of others, — to have announced long ago doctrines now generally received, has a very interesting essay in the new number of the *Contemporary** on the acquisition and hereditary transmission of mental qualities; and as we observe that he is going to reserve for another paper the application of the principles illustrated in the present paper to the case of Man, we may seize this as a very suitable occasion for suggesting some of the points to which scientific men might usefully devote themselves for the benefit of the public, and on which perhaps he may be able to give us precise information in his future essay. The first of the more

important of Dr. Carpenter's points made in this essay is that modifications, — at all events, of the physical constitution of animals, — are much more likely to be enduring if formed during the period of physical growth, when the structural life has much more pliancy for adapting itself to new conditions than it has afterwards, — a principle which he illustrates by Sir Charles Lyell's statement that English greyhounds removed to a very high plateau in Mexico, 9,000 feet above the level of the sea, could not run for any time in the attenuated atmosphere of that mountain region, and when chasing the hares soon fell down gasping for breath, while their offspring which grew up in the attenuated air got their lungs so well adapted to the new conditions, that they were quite as able to chase the hares of that region as the English greyhounds had been to chase the hares of England. Now this of course is not an illustration of the main subject of Dr. Carpenter's essay, — the transmissibility of physical qualities to descendants, — but rather of the manner in which new qualities are first acquired. And it suggests to us to ask to what extent physiologists believe in the power of an organism, submitted during the time of youth and growth to new conditions, to adapt or acclimatize itself, as the phrase is, to those conditions, and how the self-adaptive process really works? Mr. Darwin's theory suggests that adaptation takes place by the appearance of variations in all directions, and then the disappearance of varieties which are unfavourable to the actual conditions of existence, but here clearly is a self-varying power which is not accidental, but which is exerted solely in one direction, — that of accommodation to the outward conditions of life. Had this accommodation of the greyhound's organization to the thin atmosphere of the high lands of Mexico taken place according to Mr. Darwin's rule, there would have been required a great many generations during which only the better-winded and more useful greyhounds would have been selected for preservation. In this case, however, the accommodation occurred *per saltum*, and was not the result of selection, but of the elastic constitution of the lungs of the whelps, which apparently suited themselves perfectly to the thin air in the very first generation. Now how far does this power of the youthful physical life to attain a certain harmony with the surrounding circumstances go? — for on the answer to this question a great deal of the full significance of Mr. Darwin's theory depends.

* Living Age, No. 1498.

Does that theory merely render an account of a powerful *supplementary* agency which cuts off, as it were, all stragglers from the law of progressive development, while a general tendency is at work setting steadily in the direction of favourable variations? Or is the tendency to vary really *equal* in all directions, — those which retard as well as those which promote the well-being of the species, — and is it, in the vast majority of cases, only the strain of competition which cuts off the former class of variations? This is a matter of great moment, and the physiologists ought really to tell us more of the character of those tentative variations of which Mr. Darwin's theory makes so much use. Is the tentative of nature really impartial? Is there as much tentative effort put forth in directions hostile as in directions favourable to the well-being of the species? or is the former vastly outweighed by the latter, so that the law of selection by competition would appear only as a *residual* law, which pursues and slays, as it were, the rear-guard of *comparative* failures, while a much greater proportion of failures has been altogether excluded from the field by the general tendency of every physical organization to adapt itself to surrounding circumstances? If there be a large proportion of instances in which the physical nature of vegetables and animals accommodates itself, without the sifting of a selective process, — in a single generation for instance, as in this greyhound case, — to altered circumstances which do not suit the organization of the creatures first submitted to it, — then it would appear to be true that Mr. Darwin's law does not exhibit the central explanation of constant improvement, but only the explanation of an important additional guarantee for such improvement, and one which considerably accelerates the rate. The physiologists should clearly consider for us how far the variable tendency in all hereditary organizations is really neutral as regards the advantage of the species, or how far it exhibits, as in this instance of the greyhounds in Mexico, a bias towards improvement independently of the causes which cut off the unsuccessful specimens. Dr. Carpenter seems to say, if we understand him rightly, that even the transmission of modifications for evil, like the deteriorated nervous system of the offspring of drunkards, may be traced back to the efforts of nature to adapt itself with as little shortcoming as possible to the unfavourable conditions of habitual excess, taken together with the tendency of vital energy

to persevere in any channel which it has once been compelled to assume, until new pressure from without force it back into the old channel. But if that be so, then even this tendency to deteriorate in such organizations is primarily due to an effort of nature to save itself *against* mischief, combined with the law of inertia which keeps it going in any track once taken until a new diversion is effected. And as both the self-protecting tendency of the vital organization, and the law of inertia, may be vindicated as essential to the providential view of nature, it would seem that here even in the very explanation of deterioration we have come on a principle which implies a steady resistance to deterioration, — indeed, a law of progress. Clearly there are traces enough of physiological principles of self-preservation and improvement, quite independently of the sifting-out caused by the conflict of existence; but of the proportional value and comparative weight of these salutary agencies, relatively to those of Mr. Darwin's great principle, the physiologists have not yet given us an adequate estimate.

In the next place, Dr. Carpenter points out, as many other physiologists, Mr. Darwin chief of all, have pointed out, how curiously specific, as well as independent of all individual experience, the inherited instincts of the lower animals, and very often the physical habits of men, are. Dr. Carpenter, for instance, quotes from Mr. Thomas Andrew Knight, in the "Philosophical Transactions," the following very pointed illustration of these characteristics: — "A young terrier, whose parents had been much employed in destroying polecats, and a young springing spaniel, whose ancestry through many generations had been employed in finding woodcocks, were reared together as companions; the terrier not having been permitted to see a polecat, or any other animal of a similar character, and the spaniel having been prevented from seeing a woodcock, or other kind of game. The terrier evinced, as soon as it perceived the *scent* of the polecat, very violent anger; and as soon as it *saw* the polecat, attacked it with the same degree of fury as its parents would have done. The young spaniel, on the contrary, looked on with indifference; but it pursued the first woodcock which it ever saw with joy and exultation, of which its companion the terrier did not in any degree partake." And Mr. Darwin quotes from Mr. F. Galton a very curious instance of a physical habit only affecting the *sleeping* body, and therefore, of course, derived solely through unconscious physical

inheritance, transmitted from father to child during three consecutive generations,—the habit, namely, of raising the right arm, while sleeping on the back, in front of the face, and then dropping it with jerk so that the wrist fell heavily on the bridge of the nose. Now here we have two very perfect and typical instances of the inheritance of a tendency to perform curiously specific actions without the possibility in the former case of any of the influence of example, and with extremely little chance of it in the later,—unless it be supposed that the memory of the father's habit could influence the children in their dreams. Now it is of the first importance to ask why it is that these very specific inheritances seem to have no application at all to properly intellectual operations. We have heard of inherited *capacities* for physical investigation, for mathematics, for law, for scholarship, for political judgment, and for other branches of learning and inquiry, but we never hear of a lad who inherits (without individual learning) the knowledge of a particular passage of Virgil, or even the terminology of Algebra, as dogs inherit the knowledge of their special prey and how to treat them, and even, we believe, the knowledge of the meaning of particular terms like "come to heel," or as the children in Mr. Galton's story inherited the physical trick of letting their hands fall in sleep upon the bridge of their nose. How is it that the tendency to pronounce the most common phrases of life, phrases used habitually by our ancestors for generations back,—like "Good morning" on the first greeting in the day,—is not as inheritable as the tendency to cry when pain is felt, or to wink at a strong light? We doubt if there is even such a thing in man as a distinctly inherited association of *ideas proper*, in the same sense in which the smell of the polecat was so bound up somehow in the inherited nature of the terrier with anger and the preparations for attack, that on the very first occasion on which the smell presented itself the preparations for attack began. Yet it is difficult to assign a reason at first sight why inheritable associations should not be carried into the purely intellectual regions, why such a very strong association, for instance, as there evidently was in Sir Walter Scott's mind between the scenery of the Scottish Border and the wild stories of the past, should not be so transmitted to a child that, even *before* he had ever had any Border stories of the olden time narrated to him, the landscapes of the Border would have summoned up vague concep-

tions of romantic passions and wild adventure; or, take a more familiar instance, why such a very strong association as there is in a washerwoman's mind between soap and cleanliness should not be so transmitted, that a washerwoman's child when shown for the first time a bit of soap should immediately have a vision of the wash-tub. Even that would not go beyond the apparently transmitted connection in the terrier's mind between the scent of the polecat and the preparation for war. We doubt if a single case could be found of a transmitted *intellectual* association, however close in which the presentation to a child's mind of the first of two links of association should draw after it a second link always closely associated with it in the parent, but never as yet so associated in the actual experience of the child. The point is important, and well worth Dr. Carpenter's attention, because if we have read his psychological works aright, he has a tendency to believe in "unconscious cerebration,"—i.e., unconscious thought of a kind for which we cannot find any real evidence. That a great many genuinely intellectual trains of association pass through our minds in sleep, and in other peculiar states—especially somnambulist states,—which we wholly *forget* when we are awake, and which we can by no means recall until the mind passes again into the same peculiar state, is beyond all doubt. But that the intellectual process which we thus forget is really unconscious, *at the time at which we go through it*,—and this is how we have sometimes seemed to understand Dr. Carpenter,—seems to us in the highest degree importable; and we think it would only be rendered probable by the production of proof that not simply thinking *capacity*, but a real chain of association, is transmissible from father to child. If that were so, then though itself might be regarded as due to purely physiological machinery, in which case, there would be no wonder in the mind's passing *without consciousness* through a complicated chain, not of course of *thoughts*, but of the nervous changes which correspond to thoughts, and returning to consciousness again at any accidental link in the chain. But as far as we can see, the physiological inquiries of recent days do not in the least degree tend to show that you can pass along a line of closely associated thoughts without conscious thinking, as you can undeniably pass along a line of closely-associated habitual actions without thinking. And yet much of the modern language about unconscious cerebration tends in that direction. We doubt very

much whether, even if two links of merely experiential intellectual association could be worked closer and closer for fifty generations of father and son, there would be the least tendency for the first two links to suggest the other, in the descendant of

such a race, antecedently to their real connection in his own individual experience. Yet if it be so, the doctrine of transmitted associations fails in the region of thought and conception proper.

THE missing comet, — Biela's, — which was divided into two by some disturbing influence in 1846, — and which in its periodic return in 1866, and again this year, had managed to escape observation, has been found by a very curious astronomical conjecture. Mr. Hind had indicated to the Astronomical Society that the great meteoric shower of November 27 last was, in all probability, part of the train of Biela's comet; — indeed, a well-known astronomical writer in the *Daily News* had suggested this explanation as probable before Mr. Hind showed how closely the two phenomena corresponded. A Continental astronomer, Klinkerfues, took the hint, and telegraphed to Mr. Pogson at Madras, — "Biela touched earth on 27th; search near Theta Centauri." The neighbourhood of Theta Centauri cannot be well observed in Europe, and even at Madras the time for observing it well is not long. On the third evening of his research Mr. Pogson found what he sought for, — the truant comet. It was described by him on his second sight of it as "circular, bright, with a faint but distinct tail," but the companion comet at the last advice Mr. Pogson had not seen. Thus astronomers have not only got hold of one at least of the missing twins, but have a further confirmation of the connection between meteoric flights and comets. The calculated path of a comet passing near the path of our earth suggests a flight of meteors, and the flight of meteors comes. Again, a flight of meteors suggests the passage of a comet, and the comet is found just where it is looked for.

Spectator.

CURRENTS OF ELECTRICITY IN PLANTS. — Some curious experiments have been recently made on this subject by Herr Dr. Ranke, who has published his results at considerable length, in the "Sitzungsbericht" of the Bavarian Academy. Among other remarkable facts noticed by the author, was the fact that, as in the electricity of animals, the electromotive action was observed where the fibres did not lie parallel to the longitudinal axis. The pieces experimented with, then, were cylindrical pieces from the petioles of the Rheum undulatum, their longitudinal axis corresponding with the axis of the petiole,

and they were terminated by two cross sections perpendicular to this axis. They were two to three c.m. in length, and 0.5 to 1.5 c.m. diameter of section. The apparatus for measuring the currents was similar to that used by Du Bois Reymond in his experiments. If a piece of the kind described was taken, and one electrode applied to the cross section, the other to any point of the uncut epidermis, the false current appeared, the cross section being negative to the other surface. If now the outer surface of the piece was removed by cutting parallel to the axis, and the electrodes were applied, one to the cross section, the other to the surface laid bare as described, there was in every case a current observed, the direction of which was from the surface of cross section to the other (through the wire); hence the reverse of the false current, and of the currents in muscles and nerves. This is the true plant current, the expression of the real electricity of plants. Dr. Ranke styles it the strong current, using in this and in other cases a terminology corresponding to that of Du Bois Reymond. By a further cutting of the piece, either perpendicular or parallel to the axis, the current at first sometimes increases, but it gradually becomes weaker as the process is continued. — See also *Chemical News*, Nov. 29, 1872. Popular Science Review.

POISON IN THE VANILLA BEAN. — It is well known that from time to time various cases of poisoning from the use of vanilla ice have been noticed and published in Paris, Munich, Vienna, and other places. The most careful investigations have failed to discover the cause. In a few cases traces of lead, iron, and tin, from the vessels used, have been found in the ice, but as no poisoning has ever resulted from fruit ices prepared in the same vessels, it cannot be due to that. M. Schroff is of the opinion that the vanilla beans are poisoned by the natives of South America and Mexico, who rub them with Acajou oil to make them smooth and soft. This oil is not seldom contaminated with a sharp substance which acts like cantharides. He thinks it less probable that the injurious effects are due to small crystals found in the outer skin of the vanilla bean — benzoic acid. Public Opinion.